

Canada's Great Christmas Number



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A police census of the city is to be taken on the first of November in consequence of a general feeling that the assessors have made a mistake in placing the present population at a lower figure than that given in 1892. Vacant houses are also to be enumerated. I feel quite certain that we are in many respects in a better position than we were a year ago. The streets of Toronto were never more crowded than now; the electric cars are barely sufficient to move the multitudes; rents are in a better shape. Except those who are succumbing to over-speculation in real estate, we have had no failures worth mentioning. Cooper & Smith going out of business is the result of old-fashioned methods being superseded by superior mechanical appliances and the trade being captured by younger men. In the boot and shoe trade some young fellows who have not been here for more than four or five years have made a little fortune. The business methods of the city are improving too. Engineer Keating is showing what a one-man power may do in effecting economies. If Mr. Keating will just kindly attend to his business as faithfully in the future as he has done in the recent past, he need not be afraid of aldermen or fool kickers.

Even Mayor Fleming begins to show some conception of how a business man would handle the city's affairs, and those opposed to him are glad to see the dawning of something better than a pettifogging administration. If we can succeed in having the city's business properly attended to next year and not as in the past be doing summer work in the winter and winter work in the summer, public confidence will revive. The stringency is not caused by a lack of money or a shrinkage in values, or anything except wild-cat speculation. It was caused by the people of Toronto and Ontario being seized of the fact that Toronto officially and speculatively was making seventeen different kinds of an ass of itself. People who think that the folly of doing business as we have been doing it does not injure our credit, have probably been disabused of the idea. A little good judgment, a spell of good administration, a return to the time when newspapers speak well of the city which feeds them, and the absence of those demagogic conditions which have made us a laughing-stock, are all that is necessary, and it is to be hoped that the recurrence of municipal elections will not lead the speakers and writers of this city to give Toronto its annual black eye. If affairs were managed here on a large and business-like system, we would not every now and then have to have a police census to know whether anybody has escaped from Toronto or not. This sort of enumeration is too much like an old lady counting her parcels and hand-boxes, or a fidgety mother gathering her children around to see that Tom or Jimmy has not got lost. If the conditions with which we surround our enterprises be right, we need not have any nervousness as to whether someone has moved away or not. It is the feeling that things have been done wrongly that makes us so anxious to count noses every now and then to see whether the city is here or has gone visiting.

It is pleasant to be able to chronicle the democratic tendencies of our new Governor-General and his esteemed vice-regal spouse. At the reception they held in Quebec they invited their visitors to bring their children along. This is just what we want here in Canada. If they go a little further and tell their visitors to bring their knitting along and stop all day, the old-time visiting days on the eleventh concession will be restored. If Lord and Lady Aberdeen continue to be thus friendly, first thing they know fifty or sixty sleighs will drive up to Rideau Hall some winter night and their Vice-Royal Highnesses will discover what a Canadian surprise party is like, with its great big bulging baskets of victuals, and its indefatigable fiddler, and its tendency to last till morning. If Lord Aberdeen encourages us in our rapidly growing affection there is no telling what liberties we may take with him, and he may perhaps be sorry that he is liked so well.

I hear, on what newspapers call "the highest authority," that the Dominion elections are to be brought on early next year. Hon. Alexander Mackenzie's Government, if I remember rightly, is the only one that lasted its full term since Confederation, and the tenacity of the Premier ended in disastrous defeat. I believe the policy of the next session will be to tinker with the tariff and appeal to the country for the seal of its approbation. It is desirable to hurry the thing, as hard times in the United States may have passed away before another year, and the disaster of this season will not be an inappropriate means of convincing Canadians of what horrors resulted from the abandonment of a protective system. The Dominion Liberals feel this to be the probable policy and are in fighting shape. Sir John Thompson would not have followed Mr. Laurier in his tour and permitted himself to be made the tail end of the procession had he intended to defer his appeal to the country till 1895. His present sea is to have a short session. The Grifts,

however, will have something to say as to this and as to many other things out of which they propose to make campaign material. If the Parliament meets on January 18, as it has been suggested, we may have a general election in April. It has been noticeable that the general election in Ontario and the general Dominion contest have not been very widely separated for many years past.

"I happened to be in New York during the opening days of the yacht races between the Valkyrie and the Vigilant. I was not out on the Sound, but after all I think that the greater sight was in Park row before the newspaper offices, where thousands of citizens, including newboys, tramps, and all those particular varieties of landmen who have no vocation on earth and no knowledge of things belonging to the sea, screamed their lungs loose because the

States off the ocean, and Italy is the weakest of all the great powers. England could sail around the United States and blow the head off anything within ten miles of the coast, and it makes me tired to hear these cocky land-lubbers shouting out the prowess that is unfounded in anything except the building of a successful yacht which is much larger than the Valkyrie and is adapted especially to the waters in which she sails, and which would probably be unable to find seamanship to manage her in a trans-Atlantic trip if she were called across the ocean to pay her respects to a British yacht built for the same purpose.

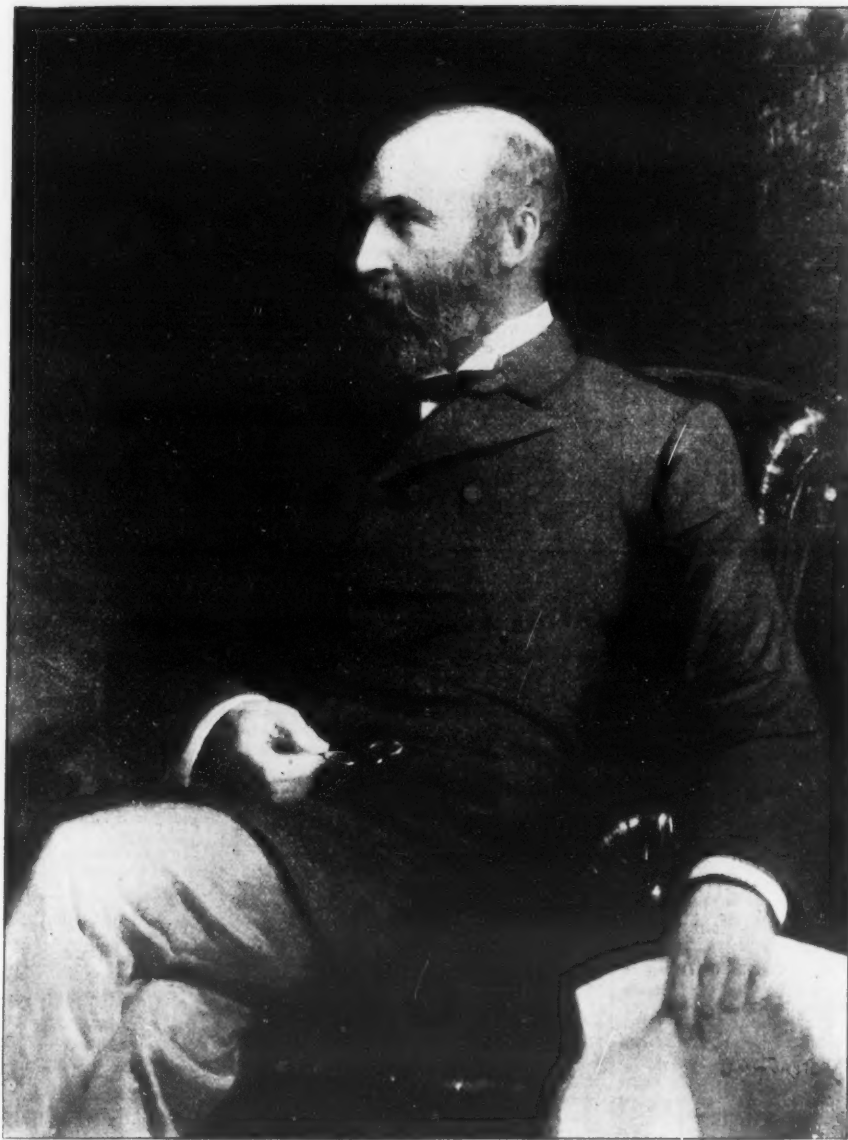
It is not a pretty fight that is going on in the Young Liberal-Conservative Association of this city. It may be said that no fight is beautiful, but against such a declaration I

boys of this country should have so early become proficient in such detestable practices. Between McCarthyites and Thompsonians there is a great gulf fixed we all know; between the methods of the two factions there is no gulf; the habitual dishonesty of Canadian politics seems to be the common plane upon which they meet to fight, not a battle of principle but to engage in an unholy war of vote-buying and ballot-stuffing. The example is only valuable inasmuch as it teaches us that religion imported into politics is the most debasing, citizen-destroying element that could be found. It is destructive of the highest ideal of citizenship and demoralizing in respect to spiritual matters, which cannot be played with as a tuppenny-ha-penny issue between parties. May the good Lord preserve us from having His teachings and the doctrines of the Saviour also made the issue in a debating school

which is likely to ensue when the Dominion elections are brought on. Roman Catholicism as a political factor is already in the game, so that whether it be Thompson or Laurier it has the advantage. Protestantism cannot win as between the two. With McCarthy as a third contestant in the Dominion and with Meredith forced into the position of being the Protestant champion of Ontario, it seems that those who do not believe in Separate schools are likely to be handicapped. Yet thoughtful men will notice that it is simply a faction-making, if not fanatical, element which has accomplished this, and it perhaps may make it difficult to decide how to act. Mr. Meredith's friends are not Protestant factionists; they are simply believers in the absolute expurgation from our political creed of religious matters, no matter what size or shape they may take. They cannot fail to recognize that Mr. Laurier has many elements to commend himself to the people, which Sir John Thompson lacks. The friends of the Dominion Premier are making a serious mistake when even in a so-called youths' society of politicians they permit any such line to be drawn. How it may result is immaterial to me; what I regret is the inflammatory nature of a campaign such as is being conducted by the Young Conservatives. Those who know the men and the trivial difference in status cannot but laugh at the assumption by either party of a burden of principle. Principle has been so utterly uprooted in our politics that amongst young and old, wise and silly, sincere and fanatical, votes are gained either by purchase, persuasion or heredity to such an extent that the result is meaningless except to prove that we must have some guiding star other than partyism or the whole country will find itself confused and smothering in the mire of detestable pretentiousness. It grieves me beyond expression to find the young men of the country, Grit and Tory alike, immersed in a sea of amateur political pot-hunting. It had been better for the morality and future of this country if the boys had let the thing alone and left us with the sole shred of hope that corruption, pretentiousness and political immorality had not soaked into the very heart of the community.

It having been discovered that the water-works can be successfully operated in Toronto for a few uninterrupted weeks, a declaration is made by some of the newspapers and savants that Lake Ontario water is thoroughly satisfactory. Conditions having been favorable we have had decent water for a few weeks; no pile has been driven through the conduit, no anchor has pulled up the pipes, no ice has disturbed the pleasant flow of reasonably pure water at the intake. Does this supply sufficient ground for the statement that Lake Ontario water is good enough, or does it give a proper pretext for the building of a tunnel under the bay? The conditions of to-day are not the conditions of to-morrow; the conditions that surround the intake pipe to day are not those of to-morrow; the peculiarities of the present season will be reversed in another season; the prevalent winds may change their direction, yet it so happens that Torontonians are always in love with the trickiness of to-day's operations and would rather spend a million in making permanent the present system than spend a little more in establishing a better system, coupled with the idea of power and the making of this an industrial center by the cheapening of the energy which will move some day all the wheels within the city limits. The fatuous and unfortunate propositions of an irresponsible citizen should not remove from the sphere of practical consideration a scheme for providing Toronto with both water and power. The canal scheme may be a fake and a very objectionable fake; its disappearance from public consideration, however, does not justify a denial of the statement that we must have our water by gravitation and may bring almost illimitable power from Lake Simcoe. The people who talk about Lake Simcoe water not being pure enough for us, I ask to contemplate the fact that if an ice dealer desires to establish himself in our midst he must advertise Lake Simcoe ice. If Lake Simcoe water is not good enough for us, why is Lake Simcoe ice so acceptable? No scheme of tunneling under the bay should be adopted until the gravitation scheme has been properly considered, its engineering possibilities exploited and the power end of it demonstrated.

It is pleasing to see the tendency of the Board of Trade, the Ratepayers' Association and the Trades and Labor Council towards a change of our municipal system. It is very unimportant to the taxpayer that I was the pioneer in this direction, and that for ten years I have been advocating such changes. I do not desire credit for anything, because my readers have given me all the credit and the countenance and support that anybody could possibly ask. It is desirable, however, that these changes should be made. They are not innovations, they have been discussed, and I can remember the time when I—Canadian born—was called a Yankee adventurer for bringing them to the public notice. As the years have rolled along the advocacy of this



THE LATE SENATOR JOHN MACDONALD.

From painting by J. W. L. Forster.

Yankee yacht outfooted the Britisher. One cannot but admire the delight the Yankee takes in being on top, nor can one resist a feeling of contempt on observing his disproportionate elation over a small victory. Yankeeedom is satisfied to bellow itself hoarse over mighty little, and if the Valkyrie and Vigilant had had their trial of strength in the Solent the British newspapers would have published full accounts of the race, but no one would imagine for a moment that pages of the Times, the Telegraph and the Standard would have been occupied by anything so insignificant. To-day Yankeeedom believes that the cunningly devised yacht, whether it be the center-board or some rig-a-magig in the sails, has beaten Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie, and the men the nation over who sit on empty boxes and nail kegs and counters in village stores, queer saloons and tailor shops are congratulating themselves that the United States has proven that their navy is superior to that of Great Britain. The man who can spit furthest in a grocery store is now telling his compatriots of New England and New Jersey that the British navy is effete, that two Yankee war-ships built under republican jobbery can lick the entire British navy, that they can sail faster and shoot quicker and that their sailors will die harder than those of any Power on earth. As a matter of fact Italy could blow the United

should at once take the position that all fights are beautiful if they are for principle and not for mere mastery. It has been a growing scandal in Toronto that in both the young Grit and Tory camps the buying and personating of votes is as rampant as in "real" elections. The offices at the disposal of these enthusiastic young people are not valuable except as they give distinguishing positions to men who are ambitious and possibly unscrupulous. What was a rumor last year seems now to be a sworn fact. Candidates buy votes and subsidize people to vote for them; the lists of the association are undoubtedly crammed with the names of men who do not care a continental for the principle at stake, and men elected on such a footing cannot be regarded as anything but impostors. This seems to be a harsh statement, yet how can we regard with respect young men supposed to be inspired by the first glow of national and patriotic impulse who supplement their endeavors to lead their youthful fellow-countrymen by the payment of dues in order to procure votes? The whole thing is pretentious humbuggery. Such tactics simply declare that not only is the maturity of this country given over to sneakery, bribery and corruption, but even the young men esteem such conduct to be a fine art and are endeavoring to emulate their elders. What tutors have we that the

where votes are bought and the voters' lists stuffed with less regard to principle than can be found in a book-maker's stand at a race meeting. Surely Roman Catholicism and Protestantism must unite to shudder to see the dividing principles and the common hope of Christianity made the football of young politicians.

As regards the Ferguson ticket, if politicians young or old have the right to draw the line even inside of a party, and young politicians have a right to organize themselves and endeavor to be an influence in the community, to my mind the Separate school issue is one of the most important raised since Confederation. If being a politician, young or old, means that one cannot have views on such a subject and advocate them vigorously—not viciously—then political organizations are of no use. If older politicians are to control the councils of the young people, then let the young people be the junior members of the old-time associations. If partyism means an absolute abandonment of individual views, then let hustlers and the old-time warblers on the stage have the monopoly of pretending to be what they are not and of hustling to seize the offices which they do not deserve. For my own part I see in the quarrel in Toronto a simple but very noticeable suggestion of the dissolution of partnership

== SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE ==

sort of thing has become respectable and the adoption of some such system has become absolutely imperative. The legislative and executive functions of the governing men or bodies must be separated. By all means give us a mayor and a board of control as an executive body and a council with the president elected from their own ranks as a legislative concern. I am not very hopeful of our dominating bodies uniting on a good scheme at once, yet it will come in time. For years by voice and pen I have been trying to indicate that it is not so much a matter of men as of method. We cannot have good men or good methods under our present system. If we can get good methods we may have had men at the start, but we shall have good men at the finish and secure results. A little more such government as we have had recently in Toronto will ostracize good men from candidature for any office, the impossibility of success having been demonstrated.

I have before me a letter from a mutual friend of myself and ex-Mayor Clarke, in which he asks me to state in point what I consider would be the possibilities of success if Mr. Clarke and Mr. Fleming were to have an even-steam fight for the mayoralty. I may say at once that I prefer Mr. Clarke personally, politically and intellectually, but that I am of the opinion that with the plebiscite in view at the January elections, and remembering Mr. Fleming's unblushing and improper advocacy of a city grant to the St. Michael's Hospital by which he endeavored to secure to himself, and it seems to me has secured to himself, the support of the Roman Catholic population, Mr. Fleming would be almost sure to win. Ex-Mayor Clarke, oddly enough, had much of his strength in the Roman Catholic ranks. Mayor Fleming has outstripped him in securing this vote, and as our Roman Catholic fellow citizens are grateful—too grateful very often, it seems to me—I imagine that Mr. Fleming has captured one of Mayor Clarke's most valuable outposts. It would be a pretty sight to see them fight it out, but I desire to say right here that I do not believe that ex-Mayor Clarke can be led into any such entanglement. Were the contest to be successful, his present high standing and excellent position would not be improved; were it to result in defeat it would mean something like his annihilation as a political factor.

Complaint is being made, and righteously made, that the Ottawa departments are miscovered and slow beyond use or excuse. Time and again the newspapers of this city have made complaint that when Toronto's interests are involved they are absolutely neglected at Ottawa. It is a fact that they are neglected there. Our members of Parliament are of as little use to us as chips are in flavoring porridge. They add neither to the nutriment of the mess nor to the pleasure of deglutition; they are only in the road. We are sat upon at the country's capital and are used like a cross-roads village in the Provincial Parliament. We need a city charter, and if we have any influence we should obtain it; we need recognition at Ottawa, and if we cannot have it let us elect Grit representatives and see what they can do. As far as Toronto is concerned, both the Dominion and Provincial Governments despise us, and rightfully so. We seem utterly incapable of making our voice heard anywhere. The city must admit that there is reason for a lack of public confidence in its real estate, its business and its prospects, when its own aldermen make a laughing-stock of civic business, its mayor is a time-server, its representatives in the House of Commons are as useless as missionaries would be in a frog pond, and its delegates to the Provincial Assembly do little but draw salary and vote with their party. It is neither smart for a city nor its representatives; it is disastrous beyond computation, and I for one should be glad to see the whole business kicked into some different shape. I say "kicked into a different shape," because nothing but kicking will ever accomplish anything.

We have been patient hewers of wood and drawers of water beyond comparison; let us make a reputation now by doing something else. No doubt what we suffer from the hands of the Ottawa departments is suffered by municipalities all over the Dominion. The political loafers of the whole country have been given departmental positions—energetic and competent men have been side-tracked—and we cannot expect anything better from them. We have a right, however, to expect something better from the men who have recently been given charge of the offices. Being disappointed in this, we have a right to ask for another change. If we cannot get it from the present Conservative majority we must look to the Grits for the impulse that may infuse new life at the capital. Months and months have been wasted waiting for figure-heads, wooden heads, empty heads at Ottawa to act. They either do not know how or won't do anything. The moral is, if there is a moral in anything nowadays, kick them out. I am sorry to see the *Globe* have such ammunition at its disposal. It would be folly, however, to deny the facts; it would be wisdom to re-organize before it is too late.

DOR.

Social and Personal.

A brilliant assembly of invited guests gathered in the handsome Baptist church at the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard streets last Tuesday evening to witness the marriage of Miss Lillian McKinnon and Mr. Harry Pringle, of the Western Canada Loan and Savings Company. Seats were reserved in the body of the church for several hundred guests, and every corner of the edifice, from the choir to the outer doors, was jammed with a tightly packed mass of people who assembled for a view of that always interesting sight, a pretty wedding. Shortly after eight o'clock the choir sang a bridal hymn, and Herr Vogt heralded the approach of the bridal party. The ushers, Messrs. E. Scott Griffin, W. J. Fleury, James Craig, E. G. Rykert and S. Alf Jones, preceded the three bridesmaids, Miss Hough of St.

Catharines, Miss Marion Love and Miss Pearl Collinson of Buffalo. After them, leaning on the arm of her father, came the bonnie bride, looking her very sweetest, and followed by two little maidens, Miss Maudie Smith and the small sister of the bride, Miss Laura McKinnon. Mr. A. J. Arnold was best man. Miss McKinnon's bridal gown was of very rich corded silk, with pearl passementerie and lace; the train was full and plain, and the front trimmed with crescent frills, ending in tiny bouquets. The bodice was breasted, with a soft shirred pointed yoke, and the airy veil of tulle was pinned back on the golden puffs of the bride's pretty blonde hair. The bouquet was of white roses. The bridesmaids wore simple frocks of India silk, with fine lace en berthe. The group at the altar made a very pretty picture. Dr. Thomas, pastor of the church, performed the ceremony in his earnest and impressive manner, and after the singing of an exquisite *morceau* by the choir the guests followed the bridal party to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon, where congratulations were offered to the newly wed. The whole upper story of the residence was arranged as a series of supper rooms, and the guests were seated in small parties to enjoy an elegant repast and drink health and happiness to the young couple in sparkling champagne, while an Italian orchestra sent soft strains of melody from the lower landing. Mr. and Mrs. Pringle left at eleven o'clock amid a chorus of good wishes and hearty cheers. The bride's going-away gown was of dark cloth with pointed yoke of light striped silk and dainty little hat and tips to match. A room full of rich and beautiful gifts was admired, and a refined fashion which I have been pleased to notice recently obtaining was observed in the absence of the cards and letters of the donors. A moment's thought will commend this omission to people of perception for a variety of reasons. A number of very elegant gowns were worn at the reception. Mrs. McKinnon, mother of the bride, was richly gowned in a modish changeable silk of golden brown and pale blue, and a charming bonnet to match; Mrs. Smith wore a deep prune costume and dark bonnet, and carried a bunch of Jacqueminot roses; Mrs. Irish was in rose pink and white brocade, with diamonds; Mrs. W. S. Lee wore a ribbed silk in black and pale blue; Mrs. Cecil Lee was in a white silk evening gown; Mrs. Miles wore a most becoming pale green brocade, with pearl fringes; Mrs. A. Lee was in white; Mrs. Helliwell wore black silk, with mauve garniture and black lace; Miss Matthews wore a handsome yellow silk with dark stripes; Mrs. Jack Massey was in a white and blue flowered gown, with white lace; Mrs. John Dixon was charming in a petunia and black silk, and large hat of black lace and petunia; Mrs. Torrington wore a pretty gown of changeable silk, with chiffon; Mrs. Moore of Hamilton was in black, with her snowy hair charmingly coiffed; Miss Mary Mara was in white; Mrs. T. A. Rowan, a bride of last month, was prettily gowned in pale blue; Miss Bailey of Carlton street looked very chic in white and pink; Mrs. (Dr.) Hood was in black and white, with one of the snowflake veils over her modish white and black *chapeau*; Miss Maude Scales was in pale silk, with baby ribbons en berthe; Mrs. Maurice McFarlane was in white and royal purple, with rich lace; Miss McFarlane was charming in white and pink; her sister was prettily gowned in white and pale blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Logsdin have returned from the Island and are at 622 Ontario street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson of Rose avenue, with their little daughter Edna, have returned from a visit to the World's Fair.

Mr. P. G. Rugg and Mr. A. J. Rugg, brothers of Mr. E. W. Rugg of the *Winnipeg Saturday Night*, are spending two weeks at the World's Fair. They are stopping with Mr. E. Lincke, an old Toronto friend.

Mrs. J. Duggan and Mrs. J. J. Dixon of Gloucester street, and Miss Dixon of Jarvis street, have returned from the World's Fair.

A rare pleasure is in store for art lovers who visit Miss N. Woodburn Davidson's new studio on College avenue. The walls are covered with exquisite original flower studies, and French and English tapestries in the Watteau style. The screens are also much admired, especially a Louis Seize screen of roses with soft palms. The china painting is broad in style and finished in treatment. Some of the most beautiful work is the art needlework, chiefly after the South Kensington Art School, London, England. Miss Davidson was a pupil of Philip Smith of New York and of Miss Charlotte Robinson, decorator to the Queen.

Mrs. J. Taylor is visiting friends in Buffalo for a few weeks.

Mrs. Arthur Armstrong of Lloydtown has been visiting Mrs. R. L. Denison of Lakeview avenue.

Miss Florence Thompson left for New York last Friday, where she has made a great success in hospital work.

Mrs. C. Moore and family, of Wilton crescent, have removed to Orillia for the winter.

Mr. Warring Kennedy, Miss Kennedy and Miss Jessie Burns of Simcoe street have gone to Chicago to visit the World's Fair.

Miss Fannie Sullivan, pianist, has returned from a three months' vacation spent in visiting the World's Fair and St. Louis. Miss Sullivan has resumed her concert work and teaching.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Routh and Miss Quinn have gone to the World's Fair.

Mr. Ed. Freyseng, of Freyseng & Company, has left for a two months' visit to Chicago and the West.

Mrs. W. N. Irwin, formerly Miss Carter of Picton, received her friends last week at 289 Jarvis street. Mrs. Irwin wore a very becoming gown of biscuit corded silk trimmed with handsome lace, and looked, as usual, *petite* and pretty. She was assisted on Tuesday by Miss Victoria Mason, gowned in blue cloth, and on

Wednesday and Thursday by Miss Norma Reynolds, who wore a pretty frock of heliotrope delaine and bengaline. Mrs. Irwin will be at home on Thursdays.

Mr. Eugene Masson, the popular French master, will deliver a free lecture in English on Thursday evening next on The Refining Effect of the Study of Modern Languages. The lecture will be given at the Conservatory of Music and will doubtless interest a large number of thoughtful people, while its colloquial style will attract the more preoccupied members of our *beau monde*.

Mr. Frank Daane's piano recital, at the residence of Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, next Thursday afternoon, is attracting attention among society people. The programme is full of good things and is arranged as follows:

Song.....	(Piano Solo).....	Buononini
Quotie.....	Ensal.
Lieder Ohne Worte.....	(Piano Solo).....	Mendelssohn
Song.....	Boehm
.....	Miss Leonora James
Song.....	De Koven
.....	Miss Jardine Thomson
Prelude.....	Piano Solo.....	Chopin
Phantasia Stück.....	Schumann
Song.....	Open Thy Lattice.....	Grech
.....	Miss Leonora James
Lied.....	Coenen
.....	Rubinstein
Song.....	Ensal.
.....	Miss Jardine Thomson
Träum March.....	(Piano Solo).....	Deane
Original Air with Variations.....

Captain and Mrs. Pellatt are visiting the World's Fair. Mrs. Pellatt has returned to Toronto from Orillia.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra returned last week from a sojourn in Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. Carveth have returned from a delightful visit to the World's Fair. Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty have also returned to Toronto from Chicago.

The Woman's Medical College opened its winter session with a reception on Wednesday evening. The building was thronged with interested friends, and the lady students flitted about in their becoming academic gowns and made every effort to welcome and entertain their numerous guests. The Lieut. Governor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick were welcomed with much pleasure and escorted to the stairway, where, on the landing, they were seated to hear the address of Dr. Nevitt, dean of the college. The Lieut. Governor spoke briefly and charmingly to the lady medicos, and with a smile acknowledged that they sometimes outstripped their *confreres*, at which a jubilant little burst of applause was heard. Miss MacMillan read a short address and the guests were served with refreshments of a tempting coolness, considering the great crowd and the state of the atmosphere. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was as gracious and smiling as though she had not traveled all the preceding night, arrived home at eleven a.m. and stood through a long and crowded reception during the afternoon. She wore a lovely gown of rose and white brocade, and as she sat on the landing with stately palms on either side and good old Dr. Workman's marble image at her elbow, she made a queenly picture at which many admiring eyes looked with loyal affection. Dr. Nevitt voiced many a Torontonians' thought when he lauded the ready and kindly manner in which our governor and his lady give of their time and encouragement to every good and public work. The Woman's College is doing a noble work in fitting our women to combat disease and adding to their inborn gift of nursing the necessary knowledge and resource of the qualified physician. Its students have gone to Australia, China and many far corners of the globe, and have carried a blessing everywhere. A good many legacies are finding their way into the coffers of our various city charities. Perhaps someone who is about to make a will would think of the Woman's Medical College. The lecturers give their time, often very precious to them and their patients, gratuitously, because the college needs their help but is not wealthy enough to pay for it and as yet, I am told, has not participated in the gifts left to various not more deserving institutions. Among the crowd present at the opening on Wednesday were: Daan, Mrs. and Miss Nevitt, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, Dr. and Mrs. Sweetman, Miss Salvety, Dr. North, Dr. Thistle, the Misses Tait, Dr. Bertha Dymond wore her parti-colored hood and eyeglasses, but failed to look stern and awe-inspiring. Her bright, clever face was full of welcome to all. A very busy hostess was Miss Allen, who flitted about indefatigably. The students fraternized in hearty good-fellowship with their lady rivals and did a lion's share of the work in dispensing cake and ice-cream to the other guests. Glionna's orchestra played charmingly in the upper corridor and about eleven o'clock the guests bid farewell to their hostesses and carried away the memory of a delightful reunion and a hearty sympathy with the Woman's Medical College.

Dr. William Nuttress has published a very sensible and useful text book on anatomy and physical science which is to be used in the schools. The doctor makes strong and clear the truth about the effects of alcohol on the human frame, and in a matter-of-fact manner sets scientific facts before his readers. His plain statements are more convincing to a thinking mind than a ton of temperance literature.

Miss Victoria Mason has composed a very smart little polka, entitled *Ma Charmante*, which is dedicated to Col. Hamilton and the officers of the Queen's Own Rifles. This pretty dance goes well and is to be played by the military bands this winter.

M. Karol, the clever professor of languages, has quite a number of ladies under his tuition. His nice little daughter is a charming addition in a *causerie*.

Dr. Annie Carveth, who, with Dr. Foster, another lady medico, has been successfully practicing in Windsor, took charge of her brother's Toronto patients during his absence in Chicago.

The first reception of the season was held at Government House on Wednesday afternoon, and about two hundred ladies and gentlemen attended. The beautiful afternoon tempted many of the callers to enjoy it until after five o'clock, but there was a rush of guests after that hour. I remarked a charming bevy of young married ladies, the brides of the past season: Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland was a very lovely new-comer; Mrs. Willie Macdonald looked bright and pretty; Mrs. Herbert Walker was sweet and graceful, and wore a very smart fur-trimmed cape and jet bonnet. Mrs. Philip Drayton was another charming young matron. Mrs. MacMahon was in black and white; Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore a delicate tinted silk and dark mantle; Mrs. John Cawthra looked elegant in prune and black; Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall wore a becoming black *chapeau* and dark gown; a very pretty caller was Miss Thomson of North street, who wore a handsome costume of *vieux* rose striped silk and one of the modish hats with caught up brim and tall algrette and plumes; the Misses Montgomery were bright and bonnie after their summer holiday. Among the pleasant crowd I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Capreole, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Nevitt, Miss Arthurs, Mrs. and Miss Leila McKay of Dundonald, Mrs. and the Misses Cox, Mrs. Winstanley, Major and Mrs. Harrison, Major and Mrs. Manley, Mr. Henry Cawthra, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Sherwood, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Charles Fuller, Mrs. Newman, Mrs. Charles Ryerson, Mrs. George McDonald, Miss Maggie Gooderham, Mrs. Somerville, Miss McKenzie, Mrs. Scarf, Major and Mrs. Delamere, Miss Denison of Rusholme, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. King, Miss Ethel Palin, Miss T. Mason, Mr. Lincoln Hunter, Miss Lily Ellis, Miss Baird, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, Commodore and Mrs. Boswell, the Misses Ross, Rev. Mr. Williams, Miss Perkins, Mr. Grote, Mr. D'Eyncourt Strickland and many others.

The President of University College and Mrs. Loudon gave an At Home after the convocation exercises on Tuesday at their residence, 83 St. George street. The professors, lecturers, fellows and a number of senators and other college officials and friends were among those who attended the entertainment of the president.

Miss Ida Beard of Montreal arrived from Chicago on Wednesday morning. She is visiting her uncle, Mr. J. G. Beard, 53 Alexander street.

Mrs. J. G. Scott and Miss Elliot returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Munday, nephew of Mr. John Catto and architect of the Horticultural Building, World's Fair, paid a flying visit to Toronto last week.

Mrs. C. J. Crowley of St. George street gave a charming luncheon on Saturday last for her guests, Mrs. Burn and Mrs. Connolly, also a most enjoyable evening on Tuesday for Mrs. and Miss Hannaford of Montreal.

Lieut. Col. Davidson returned from Chicago on Wednesday of last week.

Lieut. Col. Smith of the Victoria Rifles, Montreal, was in town on Wednesday week.

Sir Oliver Mowat and Lieut. Col. Gibson addressed the Canadian Club at Hamilton on Thursday week.

Dr. Darby Borgan, M. P., was at the Queen's on Wednesday week.

Mrs. Dreury of Toronto has returned from Europe, where she spent a year. Her daughter, Miss Eva Roblin, the contralto, remained in London to pursue her musical studies.

Dr. Rainsford of New York preached last Sunday in St. James's church, Chicago.

Mrs. Arthurs and Miss Mabel Arthurs removed last week to Baltimore, Md., from Chicago.

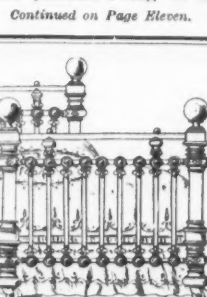
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Wood of Spadina road left on Friday week for Chicago.

Mr. A. Boyne of Campbellford is visiting Dr. Morton of Church street.

Sir John Thompson will visit Hamilton on November 1 to unveil the Macdonald monument.

Miss Florence Brimstin, the well known soprano, has gone to New York for two months.

I hear that Mr. Malcolm W. Sparrow, who is well known in Toronto as the tenor soloist of Sherbourne street Methodist church choir, has resigned his position owing to his having



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Mrs. G.

29th of St. interesting lately tall rich gown guests, sister, Mr. silk and white silk of this white decorated liant dress attenda hundred event one

A few of friends gave W. W. Tai to bid him studies at sant even dances, wa

One of the was given home of Mr occasion of talented ds The fair del with blue, a cousin, Miss McKay of arrayed in ized, shared wore an ex the honors attentions of dence of Mr guests and Miss McK returns to h next week.

Mr. Will B ing acquaint week.

A very pr day evening Rev. Mr. B riage Miss H bald L. McK Eby, Blain A Wood assiste mont and M men. After t to Ochilbrae, where lunched couple then le where they w

On Thursa Nettie Hughes honor of her g Hughes of W were kept up the many who MacMullen, Dr son of Winnip

Halsted, Dr. A George Fleming Miss Maggie C Rob McMullen ford, Miss Bet L. Allen, Mr. V Granville, Miss Alex. Jamieson Laxton, Miss G Mr. R. O. Kilg W. G. Scott, Lamont, Mr. E Miss Reddick, Miss Fildale, M McMullen.

Our boys at V Lou Yeomans, Williams, C. A Scott, W. W. J Mr. G. J. Reid Reid returned where they ha Mrs. (Dr.) All Arthur friends t

The first asse young men of the Hall on Wednes proved a brillian fifty couples re Killoran's invit evening was sp

There was a maj time during the to "sit out a dan Mrs. Colonel Wilson, Mrs. S. Roberts, a

The costumes a magnificent a prettily attired, out the most ad Mrs. W. Penderg B. Stephens, Mrs son were probabl carried out the s

also provided a v elated programme don supplied the their well earned Mrs. C. H. Wa Campbell, who h

dence of the Mi home in New We last week. Her pleased to meet w Mrs. Morris, wi of the Bank of Co after a three mont

Mr. and Mrs. friends in Chicag week.

Chill October br of art from the doors, and next M the eighth indoor League in its old building. Leader l a place of its own of Toronto. With for part of the week, devoted e life, it affords fac

Out of Town.

Whitby.

Mrs. Geo. A. Ross gave an At Home on the 29th of September. It was one of the most interesting and enjoyable events that have lately taken place. Mrs. Ross, arrayed in a rich gown of black and pale gray, received her guests. She was charmingly assisted by her sister, Mrs. Powell of Brockville, in pale green silk and velvet, and by Miss Minnie Houch, in white silk and Spanish lace. The pretty home of this winning hostess was very tastefully decorated with flowers, fairy lamps and brilliant dresses. Marcano's orchestra was in attendance, and did much to brighten the occasion. Nearly seventy of Whitby's four hundred were present and pronounced the event one never to be forgotten.

A few of Mr. W. F. T. Tamblin's numerous friends gathered at the home of his father, Mr. W. W. Tamblin, M.A., on Monday night last to bid him good-bye before he returned to his studies at the 'Varsity. An extremely pleasant evening, whilled away amid cards and dances, was spent.

One of the most brilliant parties of the season was given on the evening of October 3, at the home of Mrs. Lyman T. Barclay. It was the occasion of the debut of Miss Agnes Dow, the talented daughter of Lawyer Jno. Ball Dow. The fair debutante wore pretty delaine, blended with blue, and made a charming hostess. Her cousin, Miss McKay, daughter of Mr. Angus McKay of Indian Head, N. W. T., who was arrayed in pink and blue, tastefully harmonized, shared with Miss Rose Camidge, who wore an exquisite dress of cream and silver, the honors of the evening and the assiduous attentions of the guests. The handsome residence of Mrs. Barclay was thrown open to the guests and the greatest pleasure pervaded all. Miss McKay, now visiting Miss Agnes Dow, returns to her home, N. W. T., on Tuesday of next week.

NORRIS CAREN.

Mount Forest.

Mr. Will Bissell of Toronto has been renewing acquaintances in town during the past week.

A very pretty wedding took place on Monday evening last in St. Paul's church, when Rev. Mr. Bevan, rector, united in marriage Miss Henrietta R. Hornell to Mr. Archibald L. McKenna, the popular traveler for Eby, Blain & Co. Miss Williams and Miss Wood assisted the bride, and Mr. Allan Lamont and Mr. Geo. P. Bateman acted as best men. After the ceremony the guests repaired to Ochilbrae, the residence of town clerk Perry, where luncheon was partaken of. The happy couple then left by evening train for Chicago, where they will spend their honeymoon.

On Thursday evening of last week Miss Nettie Hughes gave a very pleasant party in honor of her guests, Miss Trux and Miss Allie Hughes of Walkerton. Cards and dancing were kept up until the wee sma' hours. Among the many who were there we noticed: Mrs. MacMullen, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Miss Stevenson of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Snider, Miss Maggie Gruer, Mr. C. W. Gardiner, Mr. Rob McMillen, Miss Edie McEachern of Clifford, Miss Betta McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Allen, Mr. Will Bissell of Toronto, Mr. Tom Granville, Miss Lena Reid, Miss Kilgour, Mr. Alex. Jamieson, Mr. J. C. Wilder, Mr. A. G. H. Linton, Miss Granville, Miss K. E. Stevenson, Mr. R. O. Kilgour, Miss Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Scott, Miss MacMillan, Mr. Allan Lamont, Mr. E. Stevenson, Mr. J. C. Wilkes, Miss Reddick, Mr. and Miss Kate Donnelly, Miss Fiske, Mr. J. N. Scott and Mr. J. A. McMullen.

Our boys at 'Varsity this term are: Messrs. Lou Yeomans, K. D. C. MacMillan, R. E. Williams, C. A. Jones, W. J. Gilroy, T. E. Scott, W. W. Jones, B. G. and E. Stevenson.

Mr. G. J. Reid of Halsted's Bank and Mrs. Reid returned last week from New York, where they have been spending their holidays.

Mrs. (Dr.) Allan is spending a few days with Arthur friends this week.

Seaford.

The first assembly of the season, given by the young men of the town, was held in Cardno's Hall on Wednesday evening of last week and proved a brilliant affair in all respects. About fifty couples responded to Secretary J. L. Killoran's invitation, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all present. For once there was a majority of gentlemen, and at no time during the evening were the ladies left to "sit out a dance." The patronesses were: Mrs. Colonel J. Wilson, Mrs. D. D. Wilson, Mrs. J. S. Jackson, Mrs. J. S. Roberts, and Mrs. R. S. Hayes.

The costumes of the ladies presented a magnificent spectacle, and all were very prettily attired. It would be difficult to pick out the most admired costumes, but those of Mrs. W. Pendergast, Mrs. J. S. Jackson, Miss B. Stephens, Mrs. (Dr.) Belden and Miss Watson were probably the prettiest. The stewards carried out the arrangements very nicely and also provided a well varied and much appreciated programme. Brizila's orchestra of London supplied the music and fully sustained their well earned reputation.

Mrs. C. H. Watson, formerly Miss Maggie Campbell, who has been visiting at the residence of the Misses Davidson, left for her home in New Westminster, B. C., on Friday of last week. Her many Seaford friends were pleased to meet with her again.

Mrs. Morris, wife of Mr. M. Morris, manager of the Bank of Commerce, has returned home after a three months' visit to England.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Coleman are visiting friends in Chicago and seeing the Fair this week.

Art Notes.

Chill October brings the wandering students of art from the fields to a winter's work indoors, and next Monday will see the opening of the eighth indoors season of the Art Students' League in its old home in the Imperial Bank building, Leader lane. This institution holds a place of its own among the art organizations of Toronto. With three evenings a week, and for part of the season five evenings a week, devoted entirely to drawing from life, it affords facilities for study in this direc-

tion that can seldom be found in a city of this size, and the fact that there exists among us a band of art students with sufficient love of what is highest in their work to make possible the existence of such an organization, purely upon its own merits and without government assistance, should of itself quicken the faith of such as hold doubts for the art future of our city.

It may interest the art public among your readers to know what Mr. G. A. Reid has to say in reference to his last departure in the picture called A Study in the Catskills, and the criticism evoked thereby. To one friend he writes: "My mild effort at an impressionist experiment seems to have worked havoc with some critics." To another correspondent and one of the said critics he says: "I am glad to inform you that the recent outbreak may not be permanent, not that the criticism has had effect, but that I have need to experiment, that there is truth in the direction I have gone I will hold, nor do I think it unwise to exhibit even an experiment, because a shock is occasionally necessary and beneficial in counteracting the smooth, even routine of even art life." He also tells us that he is busy on a portrait of the poet, Will Carleton, and a replica of the same, to adorn the walls of an historical inn in the Catskills, to keep company with one of Mark Twain's, by Carroll Beck; Lawrence Hutton and John Burroughs, by Dora Whetter, and many other interesting portraits of a like character. Both Mrs. Reid and he are garnering all the autumnal impressions they can while the sun shines, and all art lovers may anticipate a treat when they return to Toronto. This they expect to do about the 20th of this month, and many outside of art or even literary circles in Toronto will be glad to greet them.

At the Musee.

Multum in parvo, which means that Prince Tinymite may be very small but he can play checkers very well. He is to be seen perched up on the stage of Moore's Musee with his small face puckered up in deep thought, intent upon the game, while near him the seven-foot damsel, Maid Marion, gazes down upon the crowd with that air of calmness which distinguishes all those who are above ordinary mortals. Near by is a wonderful wire-worker who makes all sorts of quaint designs in gold wire, and Captain R. Miller with a historical collection of Indian relics gathered all over the continent. Down in the theater Maurice Holden and Heffern Walter introduce some funny sayings and queer songs into a strange act, wherein Sara Bernhardt is mimicked with great effect. Miss Maud Huth and Billy Clifford are very good in plantation songs and negro revival acts; Frank Lynden sings in a rather pleasant voice of love and kindred subjects, and the performance closes with the Nawns, who go through a very funny and clever act depicting a scene in an Irishman's household.

LOVE.

In olden days when life was true and strong,
Then love was worthy of a poet's song,
But now 'tis but a theme for taunting jests
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46 in. wave effects, \$1.25, worth \$1.50.
46 in. Hopsacking, Bagdier, \$1.25, worth \$1.50.
44 in. Waychalo, \$1.10, worth \$1.35.
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Scotch Tweed in great variety.
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46 in. Whip Cord, 60¢, actual value 75¢.
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44 in. Sebastopol, 65¢, actual value 75¢.
45 in. Amazon Cloth, 50¢, actual value 65¢.
46 in. Broadcloth, 65¢, actual value 80¢.
46 in. Vionia, 55¢, actual value \$1.
52 in. Broadcloth, 85¢, actual value \$1.10.
52 in. Shot Vionia, \$1.50, actual value \$2.
46 in. All-wool Henrietta, 85¢.
47 in. All-wool Henrietta, 50¢, regular price 70¢.
47 in. All-wool Hopsacking, very heavy 75¢, actual value \$1.
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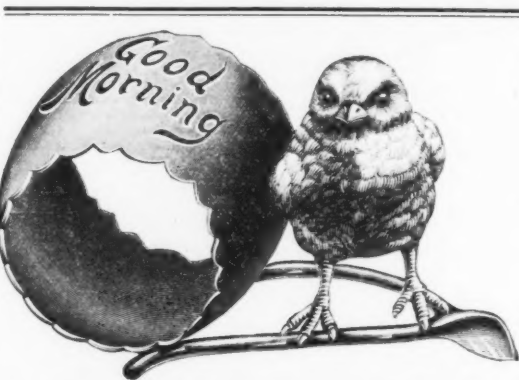
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CHAPTER XXIII.

The letter that Archie had written to Felix Hyde brought him back from the Riviera before Easter, much to Archie's exultation. But the young Squire did not present himself at Archie's lodgings all at once. He sent word to that young man to meet him at the principal hotel in Southminster one evening, and requested him beforehand to say nothing of his appointment to Marjory for Felix felt instinctively that Marjory would know that they had met for the purpose of talking over her concerns, and that it was likely she would resent their doing so. Archie, on his part, was rather glad to keep the matter a secret from Marjory, for he intended to make a profit out of the interview, and was well content that his wife should suspect nothing.

The interview was not, however, a very pleasant one for him. Felix catechized him pretty closely as to his habits and his income, and read him something of a lecture on finding that he was not often with various men not of the best character, at the Spread Eagle. Archie almost lost his temper at last, and remarked that it was not Felix Hyde's business whether he played cards or not.

"Well, I don't know," said Felix bluntly. "You want me to help you, do you not? I think it is very particularly my business whether you lose money or not at cards. For one thing, if you are ever to get on at the bank, or if ever I am to get you another post, it must not be said that you are in the habit of gambling and betting."

"What is one to do in this dead-alive hole?" grumbled Archie. "If only I could get away to London or some place where there was something going on, I shouldn't be driven to play these games. But a fellow must do something, as you say."

"You have your wife," said Felix, thinking within himself how little he should want amusement if Marjory were always with him and he had to devise plans for her comfort and amusement.

"Well, one wants a man to speak to now and then, as well as a woman," said Archie. "And Marjory's not a very cheerful companion, I can tell you."

"All the more reason why you should stay with her and cheer her up," said Felix, sadly regarding him.

The young man flushed and winced. "I'm sure I do my best," he said in an aggrieved voice. "Marjory does not complain, and now that the evenings are getting longer, of course we can go out for walks."

"You must understand," said Felix, still looking at him gravely, "that the loss of a professional career must be an extremely great trial to Mrs. Severne. I hope she is not taking it too much to heart."

"Oh, no, I don't think so," said Archie. "Of course it was a most awful blow to both of us, and I must say I think it very hard on me."

"Hard on you, is it?" said Felix dryly. "I should have thought that, in spite of the loss, you would have been pleased to know that your wife was no longer to appear in public."

"Ah! that was always a craze of yours," said Archie, more freely. "You always had a prejudice against the life of a professional musician or actor, had you not? I must say I do not share that prejudice of yours. Conventional trammels of that sort never had any attractions for me; in fact, I think I override them entirely. Now, what I have been thinking of seriously—and I wish I could get you to persuade Marjory into thinking of it too—is—"

"Yes!"

"That she should go on the stage."

"On the stage!" repeated Felix, in a horror-stricken tone.

"Well, what's there against the stage, I should like to know?" said Archie hotly. "Very good people are on the stage, are they not? and I thought you were one of those who considered it had a purifying and elevating mission and all that sort of thing, and if so, why should not Marjory be an actress?"

"Yes, well, of course, if she is reasonable," said Felix, stammering in his reply, "but I didn't know that Marjory had any inclination that way."

"I don't say she has much inclination," said Archie knowingly, "and that is why I wish you would help me to get her to think of it seriously."

"But has she any talent?" enquired Felix gravely.

"Well," said Archie wisely, "I don't know about that, but Marjory's such a clever girl, as you know, that I think she could do anything she chose. I want her to take some elocution lessons and all that sort of thing, but at present she is a little crochety about it, says it isn't her line, and makes objections."

"There is no use in forcing people to take up a profession for which they have no talent," said Archie. "I think Marjory has talent."

"You might talk to her, there's a good fellow. She thinks everything of your opinion, you know."

"Oh, does she?" said Felix a little shortly. "Well, I'll ask her what view she takes of it, but I don't promise to persuade her to anything. And now, let us get to business."

Archie, from what you get in your letter I'm afraid that you have some little difficulties about your money matters."

Archie embarked at once on a pitiful tale, to which Felix listened without change of countenance, though it seemed so him strange that a man should place himself in the position of a beggar with so little shame and so little reserve. Archie poured forth a story of debt and embarrassment which shocked and angered Felix, and yet he could not say that there was anything absolutely blameworthy in Archie's second-hand account. Medical advice for Marjory formed a large item apparently in his expenditure; that was, of course, the last thing that Felix could find fault with.

"Of course," he said, "now that I am at home you need never trouble about spending in that way. I am a doctor myself, you will remember, and can always get Marjory the best possible advice in London without costing you anything."

Archie was not altogether willing to accept this form of help. Perhaps because it deprived him of a good reason for his need of money. He made some demur, to which Felix paid very little attention, and then went on complaining about the difficulty of giving Marjory the things to which she had been accustomed, and of making life pleasant and easy for her. Felix listened with his hand over the lower part of his face, but said very little. When Archie's fluent speeches had at last come to an end, he was relieved to see Felix quietly open his check-book and begin to write.

In a tremor of expectancy until Felix handed him the check, Archie glanced at it and beamed with gratitude. It was for a sum of two hundred pounds.

"You are awfully good to us," he said as he put it into his pocket-book. "I'm sure I don't know what we should do without your help. It will be a sad day for Marjory if ever you get tired of helping us."

"I shall never be tired of helping Marjory," said Felix kindly, but with a light emphasis on the last word, and Archie felt conscious for a moment that it was not his merits which Felix was rewarding when he bestowed on him that sum of two hundred pounds.

The interview terminated very shortly afterwards. Archie had said all he wanted to say and got all he was likely to get, and was therefore quite ready to hasten away. Felix also had no desire to prolong the conversation. The more he saw of Archie in these latter days, the

more he distrusted and even disliked him. It was bitter to him that Marjory had chosen this man for her husband, and the only alleviation that he had for his pain was the knowledge that he could at any rate prevent the pinch of poverty from becoming too sharp for her. He stood by the fire in the hotel parlor and reflected on some of the things he had been told.

"I don't like it," he said to himself at last. "I don't like this way of doing things at all. It's a great pity that that wretched will of my uncle's prevents my settling a certain sum absolutely upon them. It would be much better than evading it the way I do by giving odd sums of money at different times. And after all, I don't know whether they need it."

He made a rapid calculation of certain figures.

"They have been married eight months," he said to himself, "and Archie has had between three and four hundred pounds from me besides what he earns at the bank. God knows I don't grudge what I give them, but I should be better pleased if he would spend part of it in taking Marjory out of those dingy lodgings and putting her into nice little home of his own. Upon my word, I don't quite understand where all the money goes to, in spite of his representations." He rang a bell sharply, ordered his dog cart and drove away through the dark lanes, with an uncomfortable feeling that he was being tricked and deluded and that it behooved him to be careful in his dealings with Marjory's husband.

He was very busy for the next few days, for during his absence a good deal had been left undone, and his agents and his tenants alike were clamoring for his return. For some days he had little leisure to think of Marjory and her affairs, but when a leisure time came he began seriously to consider the possibility of procuring a berth for Archie in some place where he would have better pay and be under more wholesome influences than at present.

He regretted not having exerted himself more to this purpose already and accused himself, though not perhaps with much justice, of having wished to keep Marjory in a place where he could see and talk to her from time to time. After all, he told himself, it would be as easy to see her in London as in Southminster, and Archie got a fairly good situation Felix hoped that the Severnes would start life afresh in some pretty little suburban villa, where new interests and new occupations would gradually spring up around them. If he could put Archie in the way of earning five or six hundred a year, that would surely suffice him for the present.

He took a great deal of trouble with this object; he visited some of his old friends in town, his own lawyer, some of his wealthier patients, anyone on whom he considered he had a slight claim for friendly assistance, and at last succeeded in the kind that he wanted for Archie, not however, as plentiful as blackberries, and some time elapsed before he could hear of anything that was likely to suit Marjory's husband.

But he was lucky, and his friends were good-natured. One of them at last told him that he was willing to try the young Severne at a salary beginning at £300 a year, and likely to rise if he proved efficient, whereupon after a great deal of argument and persuasion Felix induced his friend to let him supplement this income by a further sum of £200 a year, so that the £500 limit should be reached without any appearance of charity. The friend grumbled that it was the most unbusinesslike thing that he had ever known, but Felix got his own way all the same.

He felt at his heart all the glow of satisfaction which accompanies a generous action, and as he came back from London to Southminster that day, when the arrangement had been concluded, he debated with himself whether he should go to Archie at once with the offer, or whether he should send it by letter. He felt it would be pleasant to see Marjory's face light up, as he knew it would be the prospect of her husband's success. Felix was anything but a selfish man, and although he knew that this arrangement of affairs would take Marjory away from the place where he had known her for so long, and might establish her in a sphere outside his influence altogether, he nevertheless rejoiced, for he felt that he had done something to secure her happiness.

At Southminster Station he did not enter the carriage that was waiting for him, but bade the coachman meet him an hour later at the inn. He then turned into a street which would lead him to Archie's lodgings, and resolved to make his communication in person at once. But he was doomed to disappointment. When he reached the house, he was informed that Mr. and Mrs. Severne had gone to a local theater, where a rather good London company was performing for a few nights. Felix was unreasonably disappointed. However, he proposed to himself that he would call on the word with the servant that he would call on the following afternoon about five. Then he turned back to the inn where he had told the coachman to meet him; and as he walked slowly along the High street he was accosted by an old friend of Mr. Bateson, a retired merchant, who had taken a philanthropic turn and was deeply interested in schools, hospitals, and charities of all sorts. He greeted Felix with effusion, for Felix was a constant subscriber to many of the objects in which Mr. Bateson was interested, and linking his arm in that of the younger man he walked down the street at his side. Mr. Bateson was a tall, old man, with bunches of white whisker at each side of his face, and a manner of great and portentous solemnity.

"My dear Mr. Felix," he said, with an emphasis on the word "dear," "I assure you that the Cottage Hospital will be perfectly ruined unless we can manage to change the committee. There are one or two obstructionists, sir, who oppose progress in every possible way. There is Mauleverer, for instance, and Champion and Forde; they are simply dead weights and nothing else."

"Ballast," said Felix, with an odd little smile.

"Allow me to remind you that too much ballast may sink the ship," retorted Mr. Bateson. "Now, I want to know if you would be willing to serve on the committee with us next year?"

"In what capacity?" said Felix. "Should I not be ballast too?"

"No, no, no. My dear boy, never drive a joke too far. You will allow me to nominate you. A man like you should be on the committee of all our local charities. You have had experience such as few of the Southminster men have had, and I only wish that there were more like you in the town."

They were passed at that moment by a young man with a dark moustache, on whom Mr. Bateson bestowed a patronizing nod.

"Nephew of mine," he explained to Felix as soon as he had passed by. "Wants a berth sadly. You don't happen to know of one, do you? A clerkship or something of that sort would suit him very well."

"Well, I don't know that I'm free to mention it publicly," said Felix with a smile, "but between ourselves, I think there will be a vacancy in the bank very soon, and you might get your nephew in there by a judicious application to the directors."

"Who's going to leave?" said Mr. Bateson with great interest.

"Young Severne has the offer of an appointment in London. Of course, I can't guarantee that he will take it, but I should fancy that it would suit him better."

Archie and his wife came home from the theater in good spirits. Marjory was unusually bright and happy-looking, and she had worn a pretty dress which was very becoming to her. An old theatrical friend had given them stalls for the night's performance, and they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. As they walked home they had talked over the quiet streets, Marjory with her hand in her husband's arm, and they had chattered amicably about the actors and the place with more harmony of tone and feeling than they had known for some time. They were admitted to the lodge by a sleepy porter, a girl, who told them that Mr. Hyde had been there, wanting to see Mr. Severne "very particularly," and said that he would come next day. Marjory noticed that Archie's smile faded a little at that announcement.

"What on earth does he want me for?" he asked pettishly. "I'm sure I saw enough of him a few nights ago to last me long enough. He's taken to lecturing, your precious friend Felix, and I don't enjoy it."

"Oh, Archie, he's very kind," said Marjory, as she unwound a shawl from her head and neck.

"He's a prig," said Archie, but below his breath, for the servant was still in the room uncovering the supper dishes which had been ordered in readiness for their return.

Mr. Hyde seemed very disappointed-like with your being out," said Archie to his wife, almost thoughtless of the remark he came up and rest a bit, for he seemed not to know what to do with his self like, but I seen him walking down to the Royal Hotel afterwards with Mr. Bateson, so then I knew as he was all right."

Something clattered on the floor, and Marjory looked round hastily. It was Archie's stick, which by a hasty movement he seemed to have knocked down. He picked it up again with an impatient exclamation, and Marjory wondered why he had suddenly turned so pale.

"What's the matter, Archie?" she asked, when the girl had left the room. "You don't look well."

"I'm famished for my supper, that's all," said Archie. "Can't you let me alone? You are always fancying things."

The tone was so rough, so unlike the one that he had used to her throughout the evening that Marjory felt more than a little hurt. She sat down in silence, and for a few minutes there seemed every prospect of a very gloomy meal, but after a few moments Archie's color and good spirits returned. He drank some wine, made some remarks about the hunger produced by a play, and seemed to recover his natural good humor. After supper, Marjory returned innocently enough to Felix Hyde's call.

"I wonder what he wanted," she said. "It was rather an unusual time for him to come."

"Neither Felix Hyde," said Archie, in a tone of exasperation.

Marjory opened her eyes. She was used by this time to Archie's mode of expressing himself, when he was put out, but at that moment she did not exactly see why he should be vexed at all.

"What has poor Felix done?" she said, smiling rather timidly.

"On, nothing, everything. The fact is, I can't stand much of that fellow. His sanctimonious airs sicken me."

"Sanctimonious airs from Felix!" said Marjory incredulously. "Why, I never knew any one with less of that spirit; besides, Archie, he has been so kind to us, you know."

"I don't think much of the kindness of a man who is in love with my wife," said Archie roughly.

"Then why do you accept it?" said Marjory, swiftly as lightning from a thunder-cloud. He turned round on her with an angry gesture, but said nothing. Perhaps he did not exactly know what to say. For once, he felt, Marjory had hit the nail on the head. There was not much more conversation after that; it had got to the point where silence was felt to be the best rejoinder. But in the morning, Marjory was glad to see that Archie's good humor had come back. She did not like to be at open warfare with him even if she did not

"I have heard that you are very good to those Severnes," said his senior, eying him sharply. "I'm afraid that Archie Severne is not a very deserving character."

"He has been a little wild and extravagant, I know," said Felix stoutly, "but he will get over that."

"I trust so. It will be a bad look-out for that pretty young wife of his, if he doesn't. Well, good-bye, Mr. Felix—Mr. Hyde I should say. You will let me put your name down for the committee, and oh, by the way," he added as they reached the steps of the hotel, and Felix had already mounted one or two while Mr. Bateson was turning in the opposite direction, "oh, by the way, now I think of it, do you know that your subscription to the hospital has not been paid? The one that was due in January, you know."

Felix turned round quickly.

"Not paid! I thought—" he stopped suddenly and looked before him, knitting his eyebrows.

"Not paid," said Mr. Bateson as he waved his hand and resumed his walk. "You forgot it while you were away, I suppose; you will send it on, no doubt, as soon as convenient."

The blank look of astonishment on Felix's face lasted about two minutes, and was succeeded by an expression of deep concern. Then he did a very unusual thing for him. He went into the hotel and ordered a glass of brandy, which he drank at one gulp, "looking," as the waiter said afterwards, "as if he were just going to faint."

The fact was he had a low blow. He was exceedingly dismayed, shocked and confounded, for he knew very well that he had paid his subscription to the Southminster Cottage Hospital, but that he had allowed the money to go through Archie Severne's hands. Could it be possible that the money had not been transferred by Archie to its destination?

It had come about in this way. Unknown to Marjory, Archie had managed to see Felix before he went abroad, and had as usual represented to him that he was in the depths of poverty, and that a check for immediate necessities would be useful. Felix had given him one, then, not a very large one, and had promised to send another at Christmas. When Christmas had arrived, he had sent the promised check. The gift was to be, as once before, one hundred pounds; but the check was made out for one hundred and twenty-five.

"It is £25; and keep the £100 as a Christmas present for you and Marjory."

It had been a bit of pure idleness on Felix's part, a way of saving himself trouble, which he had not thought of as unbecomingly unbusinesslike. But then, it had seemed so easy; and anything like a suspicion of Archie's honesty had never crossed his mind. He remembered now that Archie had never sent him any receipt for the subscription. As Mr. Bateson had said, the £25 had evidently not been paid in at all. On thinking it over and recovering a little from the shock which he had first experienced, Felix told himself that the circumstances were probably quite accidental. Archie was careless, but not dishonest. He had probably meant to pay that subscription when he had got home. Probably the money was still lying at his account in the bank. All that was wanted would be a friendly hint to jog his memory. Felix was a little ashamed of himself for having suddenly attributed to him a base act of dishonesty. That was, of course, impossible in Marjory's husband, but Archie had laid himself open to misunderstanding and should be warned of the risk that he ran. A piece of gross carelessness like this was almost enough to disqualify him from the post which Felix had with so much trouble and pains secured for him. The matter must certainly be cleared up before that offer of £500 a year could be made.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Archie and his wife came home from the theater in good spirits. Marjory was unusually bright and happy-looking, and she had worn a pretty dress which was very becoming to her. An old theatrical friend had given them stalls for the night's performance, and they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. As they walked home they had talked over the quiet streets, Marjory with her hand in her husband's arm, and they had chattered amicably about the actors and the place with more harmony of tone and feeling than they had known for some time. They were admitted to the lodge by a sleepy porter, a girl, who told them that Mr. Hyde had been there, wanting to see Mr. Severne "very particularly," and said that he would come next day. Marjory noticed that Archie's smile faded a little at that announcement.

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Others like it
So will you

agree with his views or sympathize with his projects, but it was a little difficult sometimes to keep the peace. He came in as usual to the mid-day meal, and was just about to return to the bank when the postman came to the door. There was a letter for Archie, and Marjory caught sight of Felix Hyde's well known handwriting on the envelope before Archie took it from the battered tray on which the servant girl had with much difficulty been induced to deposit the letters before she brought them in.

Archie turned away to hide the letter. Indeed, he walked into the bedroom while he was reading it, as if to hide his face and the contents of the letter. Marjory was not altogether surprised. She had come to know by this time that her husband's correspondence was generally of a private nature, but after a few moments she had heard to her surprise something like a stifled call for her, and running into the bedroom she found her husband leaning on the rail of the iron bedstead as if he had no longer the power to support himself. His face was ghastly white and the letter had fluttered from his shaking fingers to the carpet.

"Archie, Archie, what is it?" Marjory cried in great alarm. She came to his side, put her arm round him and entreated him to lie down, but all that he would do was to stagger to the nearest chair and sit there with his legs stretched straight out before him and his head hanging limply on his breast.

"Archie, what is it?" said Marjory, kneeling down beside him and chafing his cold hands in hers. "Have you bad news? Do speak to me and tell me what it is."

"It is all up with me," mumbled Archie at last. He drew his hand away from Marjory and settled himself into a more direct posture, though his face still looked white and drawn. "Read the letter," he said, and Marjory, very much alarmed, took up the paper from the bed and read a very short note in Felix's handwriting.

"DEAR ARCHIE.—Will you send me the receipt for my subscription to the Southminster Cottage Hospital, which I forwarded to you last Christmas. There has been some mistake."

"Your very truly," "Felix Hyde."

"P.S.—I can't come this afternoon as I thought of doing, but I will look in to-morrow."

Marjory laid down the letter in the utmost perplexity. "What is it? What does it mean?" she said.

"It means," said Archie, turning aside, but far too miserable to keep the secret from her, "that I haven't got a receipt to send."

Not got the receipt?—She did not in the least understand him. "You have lost it, mislaid it somehow? But what does that matter? They must know at the Hospital that they have received the money. Do you mean—as a glimmering of some unknown possibility came over her—"that if you can't find the receipt you will have to make it good?"

Archie uttered something between a groan and a laugh. "You see," he said, "they didn't get the money."

"But what had you to do with that?" said Marjory. She was pale now, but it was more from sympathy with him than with fear.

"It was quite—an accident," muttered Archie, beginning to recover the power of making excuses. "You see, Felix sent the subscription from Nice, along with some other money, and he didn't say when it was to be paid, and so I put it in the bank with the rest of my account and—"

"Oh, I see," said Marjory quickly. "Then all you have to do is to take it out and pay it, and of course apologize to Felix for the delay."

"But I can't," said Archie with a sort of shiver. "It was £25, and I haven't got £25 in the world."

"Do you mean that you spent it?" said Marjory.

"I suppose it went somehow," Archie answered, "and there will be the devil to pay."

There was a silence. Archie had half feared that if Marjory ever knew the truth she would overwhelm him by a torrent of hot, bitter reproaches, but instead of this she stood very still, very silent, with a face from which the life and color seemed to have gone out. Archie had laid his arms on a little table beside his chair, and his face was hidden upon them.

"I'm sure I don't know what is to become of me," he said, after a silence of some minutes' duration.

The sound of his voice made Marjory shiver and draw back involuntarily as if she had been hurt. Then she said in curiously cold and hard tones, "You mean that you took money which did not belong to you to pay debts of your own?"

"Oh, it is all very well to put it that way?" said Archie, stung to resistance and springing up from his chair with eyes aflame. "Of course I didn't mean to keep it, but any time of the year is good as another for paying in a subscription, and I meant to hand it over when I was in funds. It happened to be there just when I wanted some spare cash, and what I should have done without it heaven only knows."

He did not that what is usually called embezzlement!" said Marjory slowly.

"A man's friends, who understood him, would never call it such a name," said Archie angrily, "and you ought to understand. Of course, of course, Felix Hyde will understand that it was all good as another for paying in a subscription for the moment—but his voice sank away in trembling uncertainty. It was very evident that he knew as well as Marjory what the world of business men would call his action, and why she was so alarmed then, if you think that Felix Hyde will understand!" said his wife, and there was a ring of scorn in her cold and quiet voice.

"Marjory, Marjory, don't you see that it's so awfully awkward to have to explain a thing like that? One puts oneself into such a false position. If I could go to him with the money in my hand, or pay it in to-day and get the receipt, that would be all right, but where I am to get five and twenty pounds at a day's notice I don't know! I haven't a penny in the bank just now. Have you anything, Marjory? Come, you've got a nest-egg somewhere, I'll be bound. You might help me out of the scrape."

The touch of coaxing entreaty did not melt

Marjory's heart. She drew up her head a little haughtily as she replied:

"I haven't a penny but what you have given me for household accounts. I don't hide away sums of money from my husband."

"Then what's to be done?" He glared wildly round the room. "Isn't there something we can sell, something we can pawn? You have some ornaments, and here is my watch and chain."

Archie was silent, and his face grew pale. "We must get it somehow," he said. "Is there nobody whom we could ask to lend it to us? Your friends in London, Marjory, wouldn't they do it?"

"There is no one whom I could ask," said Marjory. "Not even your friend, Miss Ferris? She was always fond enough of you."

"She never had five and twenty pounds to spare in her life," said Marjory. "And there's no one else."

"Your old music master?"

"He is in Germany."

"Wouldn't the parents of any of your pupils?" suggested Archie hesitatingly, but Marjory shook her head.

"It is no use," she said. "I have no one in the world to help me in a difficulty. The only person to whom I could have gone in any other case would have been the Hydes, but of course that is impossible."

"It is a mighty route to make about such a little matter," said Archie in a grumbling tone. "Why, Felix would have given me the sum over and over again if I had asked him for it. He's done it before, you know."

"Don't you see that that makes it all the worse?" said Marjory. "Yes, he has done it before as you say, and was quite willing to have done it again, but instead of asking him honestly, you have taken his money, the money that did not belong to you."

"She could not utter the word 'stolen,' although it was in her mind, but the thought of all that Felix had done for them and the manner in which her husband had requited his kindness came over her with such a rush of bitterness that she broke down altogether, and buried her face in her hands to stifle as much as possible of the agony of tears that overwhelmed her. Archie was in no contrite mood, and the sight of his wife's tears did not soften him."

"Do you think it makes it any better to cry about it?" he asked brutally. "If you could think of some way of helping a fellow out of a scrape it would be more to the purpose. I am going out, and if Felix Hyde comes here you must keep him quiet with any tale you like. But of course he will not come till to-morrow, so that leaves us a few hours at least to go upon."

"Archie," said Marjory passionately, "if you will not tell him, let me go to him. I am going out, and if Felix Hyde comes here you must keep him quiet with any tale you like. But of course he will not come till to-morrow, so that leaves us a few hours at least to go upon."

"You will have the goodness to hold your tongue," said Archie in an alarmed tone. "If I ask you to tell anything, a nice thing for you to go and betray your husband in that way. No, you just stay at home and keep quiet, and I will see if I can do anything to raise the money before to-morrow morning. Perhaps I can get somebody to lend it to me."

"He went out as he spoke and shut the door behind him. He was still a little pale but he had entirely recovered his self-possession. No one meeting him in the street and noting his jaunty air would have guessed that he had just passed through a fit of terrible dread and despair at the thought of his own past actions. He had the art of looking as though he had not a care in the world."

He was extremely late for his work at the bank, but he had the audacity to go in and apologize for his lateness on the ground that his wife had been ill and he could not leave her. In half an hour the bank was closed, and he was free then to link his arm in that of a companion of his own age and standing at the bank, and they went down a side street together. He met Marjory in the evening with a look of triumph.

"I have got twenty pounds at any rate," he said. "and we can make up the five between us, can't we?"

"I dare say," said Marjory in a stifled voice. Then with the color coming and going in her cheeks she asked, "How did you get it?"

"Oh, honestly enough," said Archie with a laugh. "You need not look so scared over it. It's a loan. I got a man to back a bill for me. Now, if you will give me your odds and ends I will take them and my watch and see whether I can raise the rest."

"When shall you pay the money?" asked Marjory. "It is too late to go to-night," said Archie coolly. "I will send a line to Felix Hyde to-night telling him that he shall have the receipt to-morrow when he calls in, and you can take the money to the Hospital in the course of the morning. You will have to pay it to old Bateson, you know; he gives the receipt."

"Won't it look very odd that I should go and pay it?" said Marjory, shrinking a little from the task.

"Odd or not, it is the only thing we can do," remarked Archie. "I can't be away from the bank to-morrow morning. It is market day, you know. It will be all right; you can say to Mr. Bateson if you like that Felix gave it me to pay in, and I hadn't time to run up to the Hospital with it. He isn't likely to ask any questions."

Marjory was silent, and Archie drew pen and ink towards him and wrote his note to Felix Hyde, then he took possession of Marjory's little store of rings, brooches and bracelets, and went out with them to a pawnbroker's shop in one of the back streets of Southminster.

He did not come back directly as Marjory had expected him to do. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, still he had not returned. By that time she was extremely anxious, not for his physical safety but for his welfare in other respects. Some of his friends must have got hold of him, and she had begun to be afraid of their influence. Midnight came, and still he had not appeared. If she had had the least notion where to find him, she felt that she herself would have gone out and tried to bring him home.

At last, when it was upon the stroke of one, she heard his latchkey and she went down the stairs to the sitting-room for him, struggling with her anger and disgust as she heard his stumbling step. She had heard it before and she thought she knew what it portended. But she was wrong, for when Archie opened the door and entered the room she saw at a glance that he was not drunk. He was deadly white, and there was something in his face which was almost worse than the blankness and stupidity of intoxication. She did not know what to call it then; she read it afterwards as despair.

"It is all over," he said, staring into Marjory's eyes and speaking huskily. "I have had my chance and lost it. I am ruined now, for good and all. I had thirty pounds in my pocket when I went into the Spread Eagle to-night, but I have come out without a penny. So that is the end."

(To be Continued.)

A Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Upon one occasion two ladies paid an English cabby a shilling for the distance they had ridden, and one fourpenny bit, two threepenny pieces, one penny and two halfpennies. When the cabby looked at the coins, he smiled drolly and asked: "Well, how long might you have been saving up for this little treat?"

Harvest Excursions

On August 22, September 12 and October 11, 1893, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. will sell tickets at standard single fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Chicago to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and to points in Manitoba as far as and including Brandon. For rates for fare, time tables and full information send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, No. 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

The Ella Noble.

"I was only nineteen years old when I shipped the first time," said my friend, the old sailor. "The craft was a brig called the Swallow, and she was bound for the west coast of Africa, having a cargo of cotton cloth, boots and shoes, rum in casks, needles, brass kettles, cutlasses, old muskets and other stuff that could be readily traded for gold dust, nuggets and ivory with the natives. In those days, more than forty years ago, fortunes were made in this trade, but times have changed since then."

"We had another object besides trading, for we were instructed to look after the schooner Ella Noble, which had sailed for the very locality to which we were bound and had never returned. What had become of her was a mystery, for although she was spoken when within a day's sail of the African coast no further tidings had come from her, and it was feared she had met with some fatal disaster."

"The crew were mostly made up of the roughest men found in shipping offices and along the water front, for the voyage was not a desirable one, as there was sure to be no little risk of life, and the food could not be the best procurable by any means. I was not at all favorably impressed by my messmates, but my head was full of foolish notions about the romance in a cruise to Africa, and I was more than eager to go. Some of the romance faded when I was put on salt rations and compelled to do the duty of a common before-the-mast sailor."

"The captain was a brutal fellow, as he needed to be in order to command such a crew and keep them in subjection. He had a voice like a foghorn and a scowl that was black as a thunder-cloud. The first mate was a Spaniard named Corello. He had a fiery temper and a heavy hand, but I fancied him more than the skipper."

"For some reason Corello seemed to take a liking to me, and I after-ward had cause to thank my good fortune that was true. He was not nearly so hard on me as he might have been, although I felt that my lot was quite hard enough."

"It was not long after leaving port that I observed queer actions among the sailors. There was a great deal of muttering, and sometimes I would spy some of the men with their heads together, talking in low tones. I did not like this, and so I told the mate about it. He looked at me queerly, saying hurriedly: 'Have care, Zee men no like a tattler. If zey hear you tell tings, some time you get—' He finished by drawing his finger across his throat in a significant manner."

"From that time I felt sure there was trouble brewing, but I remembered the captain and Corello got along well enough, and we had sighted the African coast when they had their first quarrel. The skipper attempted to bully the Spaniard, as was his custom with the regular men, and Corello flared up in an instant. Hot words followed, and all at once the master grabbed up a light running block and flung it at the mate's head."

"The aim was true enough, but Corello dodged. Then the skipper caught up a belaying pin and started for the Spaniard. I saw a flash of steel, and Corello for back against the main hatchway, a knife in his hand. With a Spanish oath he swore he would cut the captain's heart out if an attempt was made to strike him with the belaying pin."

"For a little time the two men looked straight into each other's eyes, and then the captain's hand fell. I expected he would order the Corello be seized and put in irons, but he did nothing of the kind. Instead he retired to his cabin, and I saw a singular smile playing about the mate's mouth, while I fancied there was a burning power in his black eyes."

"That night Corello came to me as I stood my watch. He touched me lightly on the arm, whispering: 'I save you. Don't you be scare when the time come.' Then he was gone."

"I felt that a mutiny was threatened, and I was in doubt about what to do. I did not join the mutineers, and I had about determined to report my suspicions to the captain when I was relieved from the watch. As I was going forward I saw two forms and heard the voice of Corello saying: 'Not this night. To-morrow.'"

"That relieved my feelings somewhat, and I dared not attempt to arouse the skipper then, as I knew he would make a terrible racket about it, so I went to my bunk. I didn't sleep much, but the night passed without further incident."

"Morning found us becalmed at the mouth of a large river. The sun came up red and scorching, making the water shimmer like burnished silver. Not a breath of air rippled the surface of the sea or fluttered the canvas we spread. By nine o'clock a sort of bluish-gray haze crept over the sky, but the heat was none the less oppressive."

"The captain walked the deck and raved. 'Do you know where we are?' he snarled at Corello. 'The natives who inhabit this country are cannibals! What if they should take a fancy to attack us now? We'd all be served in soup and roasted.'"

"The skipper seemed to blame the mate, and in less than three minutes another row had begun. This time the master did order Corello to be seized and ironed, but the order was not obeyed. Not a man moved to carry out the command. Instead the sailors stood seething at their captain."

"What's this?" he roared, his face growing black. 'Do you refuse to obey me? By h—, this is mutiny!'"

"We are seek of you," calmly said Corello. "We serve you zee way zee crew of zee Ella Noble was serve. Grab him, lads!"

"The skipper snatched out a pistol and retreated a few steps, swearing to blow out the brains of the first man who tried to touch him. I saw a Portuguese creeping cat-like up behind the man, and I knew the brig would soon be in the possession of the mutineers unless some unforeseen occurrence prevented."

"At this very instant Bildad Downes, a cock-eyed old tar, shouted: 'Canoes putting off from shore loaded with black skins! There's plums of 'em, an' they're all armed. We're in for a fight!'"

"In one instant the mutiny was over. Every man realized our peril, and they jumped to the rail to get a look at the approaching canoes. Downes had told the truth. A regular war party of the cannibals were coming off to attack the brig."

"Muskets and cutlasses, men!" thundered the captain. "Train the gun on 'em and blow 'em out of the water!"

"Our only chance was to fight, and that chance was really a slim one, as we were badly prepared for such an encounter. Our heavy gun was a rusty old thing, and it was doubtful if it would do much execution. But we were not destined to fire a shot."

"Suddenly a great cry went up from the throats of the natives, and the canoes sat motionless on the glassy water, while the black faces of their inmates turned upward."

"Great God! Look here!"

"The sailor who uttered the cry pointed almost directly overhead, and there we saw a most astounding spectacle. A two-masted schooner, turned bottom upward seemed to hang suspended in the air amid the bluish haze that overspread the sky! Every sail was set, but they hung idle like our own, as if she was also becalmed. We could look directly upon the deck, but not a living thing seemed stirring about her. She was deserted."

"But the most singular part of it all is that I could read her name, and I swear she was the lost schooner Ella Noble."

"In a few moments she began to fade from view. Dimmer and dimmer grew her outlines, and she was finally swallowed up and lost in the haze. When we looked at the cannibals, every canoe was scooting for the shore as fast as their paddles could send them. Those natives were the worst scared lot you ever saw, and we had no more trouble with them."

"I suppose it is easy enough to account for the vision of the vessel in the sky by calling it a mirage, but sailors are mighty superstitious, and there were some sober men on the Swallow after that. No further offer at mutiny was made, and everything moved smoothly to the end of the voyage."

"But we did not find the Ella Noble, and she has never been heard of since."—Ex.

Will Power.

"How did she train her husband?"

"By mere force of her will."

"Why, she is such a frail little thing! I don't see how she could do it."

"Simply by telling him that if he didn't mend she would leave all her money to charity."

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Within the last two years, many well known and eminent clergymen, who have labored constantly and assiduously in the Master's vineyard, have been forced to give up active work, owing to bodily infirmities and diseases. Though incapacitated physically, their souls yearned for longer service and work. Happily for such, Providence has made a wise provision—has given them a renewing agent from nature's lap, known as Paine's celery compound, an ideal food for recuperating the body and strengthening the nerve and brain power.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson of St. John, N. B. is one of the ablest of many able men in the Methodist church; he is one of Canada's most gifted lecturers, and is possessed of high literary talents. Thousands in Canada have listened with rapt attention to his eloquence on the typical Irishman, Traits of Scottish Character, The Model Young Man, A Trump Abroad, and Imperial Federation.

Unfortunately for the church and country, Dr. Wilson was laid aside some time ago owing to severe sickness—a complication of troubles. After repeated but vain efforts to secure health through physicians and their remedies, the Doctor tells us of his marvelous success with Paine's celery compound, a medicine that is now doing such noble work in our midst. He says:—

"For many years I have been a sufferer from asthma, and was unable to continue in active ministerial work until the winter of 1891, when a gripe laid me aside and compelled me to be a supernumerary. Since then I had recourse to various means in order to bring about a restoration of health, but without any real benefit. I was induced to try Paine's celery compound, and it afforded me very great pleasure to be able to say that I have been greatly helped thereby, and regard it the best medicine I know anything of. My general health has so greatly improved that I now do a great deal of work, and if the improvement continues I will be inclined to re-engage upon active service at the next conference. I wish you every success in your good work of saving the bodies of your fellowmen."

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

LAVENDER.—You are careful, deliberate and alive to all the influences of beauty and affection, somewhat ambitious, cheerful, very gentle, orderly, observant and discreet. I should say you would make a capital nurse.

ARTHUR.—Lots of ability, my boy. Work hard and you'll succeed. You are hopeful, forceful, discreet and a trifle ambitious, with some prepossession, excellent energy, care and perseverance. You lack finish and deliberation, but I think you will make your way, and I wish you every success.

MAK D.—This is rather an impulsive, forcible and independent personage, persistent, logical, energetic and determined. Twice the effort and evidence of will, but not much more firmness in the end. Good temper, a little obstinate, a very lively and responsive nature, and a trifle of inconstancy are shown. Writer is neat in method and very fond of beauty in any form. Has good sympathy and some tact.

COMIC OPERA.—I received a note from you recently, enquiring for your delineation. As you see, it comes in its proper turn. That is why you did not hear from me on your second appeal. 2. You are an original, clever and level-headed maiden, bright, somewhat prone to admire your sweet self. You are generous and rather fond of ruling, a trifle too pronounced in manner, with marked individuality and a warm heart.

WILL.—In your turn, my dear fellow! I hope you've come back. 2. Your writing shows honesty, discretion, order, ability, and a generous and amiable temper. You study appearances, are a little difficult to convince, have beautiful perseverance and a sensible mind. Some ambition, originality and a good firm purpose are yours. No one could hate you very badly, Will, you are much too pleasant and presentable, and besides, you need a good deal of liking.

DOROTHY SMITH.—I hope your friend's answer came to hand. It is hard sometimes to wait for what we desire, but the exercise of patience is there, don't his me—I won't say it. 2. Your writing shows talent, thought and originality. You are fond of social intercourse, not markedly vivacious, somewhat given to idealism, very matter-of-fact in your dealings, rather lacking in hope and buoyancy, and apt to mistrust those who are given to optimistic views, a rather strong but slightly uncompromising character.

EXCURSION.—I. What a peculiar question. Do I not think it more honorable to be called an old maid than to marry one whom you don't even respect, much less love? Well, as Mr. Kleiser would say, "I should smile." I do smile, in fact, at your trying to square the balance between what is of no moment and what is a positive degradation. I had rather be forty old maids, if possible, than one misguided woman, foolish and wicked enough to do as you suggest. 2. I had a letter from a New York girl last week telling me she had found a very useful and charming book, published by Scribner, called, How to Know the Wild Flowers. The author is Mrs. Wm. Steyer Dunn. My friend is an expert botanist, so I fancy her commendation of the book is worth something. McKenna of Yonge street can order it for you. I wish I had time to go roaming in your company. I could put you up to a few specimens, unless my memory played me false. I quite agree with you in your remarks about Hyde Park.

Jor.—What a scatter-brain you are! All your guesses are so fancifully wrong. How you describe me, "Young, petite et jolie," please fan me, somebody. Now for your questions. 1. Do I think a person should board up letters? Decidedly no. If one values them very, very much for some very good reason, I might say it was permissible, but in ordinary cases it is a great piece of foolishness. Read them; if they are worth remembering you won't forget them; if they are not, why keep them by you. 2. Do I believe in love at first sight? My dear, I believe in almost everything. Certainly I believe in the divine passion when and wherever it comes. There's too little love in the world. It is the sugar in our life's cup of tea, and don't you hate tea without sugar? If you had listened to Mrs. Besant's explanation of love at first sight it would seem quite natural to meet it occasionally. Do you know what she says? That the love you think comes at first sight is only the remembrance of a love you held dear in some other life; the person you now love, but in some other semblance. Do the two souls merely recognize each other again. Do I think because you love one you'll be an old maid? What a hard question. As I answer, I look across the road and I see a maiden lady petting a little cat. The only idea I have as to how prettily she fondles it is that she would pet and play with a baby very nicely. Certainly the love of any animal should not deter you from taking a chance of matrimony. I suppose old maids must love something, and cats are nice little pets and not too expensive or troublesome even for a very imprudent old maid. Candidly, I can't bear cats; to touch one is a disaster to me, but I don't think your pussy will frighten possible suitors. I could not possibly describe your personal appearance from your handwriting. I should make a worse mistake than I did. As to what it shows of your inner woman, you are self-reliant, a little pronounced in opinion, decidedly clever and have a bright imagination but very little intuitive perception, somewhat impatient and hasty in temper and constant and firm in will. You are rather cautious and not apt to rush, and you don't take any trouble which you can avoid. Your character needs development and promises a rich reward for the pains taken therefor.

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The Late Senator John Macdonald.

Better would it be for young men and women in the formative years of their life if more biography were perused—good, healthy, well and thoughtfully written biography, rather than nine-tenths of the girl romance, the wish-washed characters or brandy-and-soda heroes compounded and rolled out as padding for publications that crowd the homes and firesides of our country to-day. How much of wholesome, strong-souled, manly and womanly inspiration could be gleaned from lives that are jostling our own in both the higher and humbler pathways along which we move every day; but it is lost, and all for the spurious and often meretricious conjurings of fancies more or less morbid, stimulated largely by the necessities for the pittance paid for the story as well as by the knowledge that anything in story shape goes, and we cannot down the conviction that there is too much of this sort of thing. Said an intelligent young man the other day, "Fiction characters have weakened mine. Give me the example of men who have lived in the world I live in; they can perhaps do me some good." A man like Hon. Senator John Macdonald, whose portrait appears in the front page, furnishes for us much that is worthy of knowing and studying. While the methods he employed in the early years of his business career could not be imitated with exactness, with great hope, possibly, of success in these days, yet the principles that governed his life, his maxims, the fine qualities of his mind and his generous heart suggest much indeed that the young men of to-day might con with attention and with advantage to themselves. Fortunately his memory is likely to be kept alive in the recently written book by Dr. Hugh Johnston with the title, *A Merchant Prince*. Not the least well printed lesson thrown into relief by the writer is this, that, however his success may be measured by the great business he was able to amass and its corresponding fortune, yet his private and public philanthropy, his active and increasing work for the moral improvement of his fellowmen in connection with the Christian church constitute a much broader and grander success. As a liberal donor to the Victoria University the Board of Regents of that institution, wishing to honor his memory, commissioned Mr. J. W. L. Forster to paint the portrait which is reproduced this week and which is to occupy a place in the library of their handsome building in the Queen's Park.

The Drama

It is said that Emile Zola on his recent trip to London was taken to a concert hall by his entertainers rather than to the theater where Henry Arthur Jones' new play was receiving its first presentation. Although this somewhat incensed the friends of Mr. Jones, others considered it very adroit on the part of those who were entertaining the opinionated Frenchman, for he has made a determined warfare on the romantic drama and has at last declared it dead and buried forever. Therefore it was the plain duty of Zola's entertainers to regard the romantic drama as dead and buried accordingly, and it would have been most unkind to have led M. Zola into a theater where he would have found the romantic drama restored to particularly vigorous life by Mr. Jones. I believe the romantic will survive the indecent and malarious school of drama now affected by the French. One can understand and respect the principles of the man who objects to the romantic drama on the ground that the proper and richest field of the modern stage is in depicting modern life, with its mixed interests and complexities of character; but one can neither understand nor respect the one who condemns the romantic drama because it is full of braggadocio and deeds of knightly valor, while favoring the continued portrayal of the intrigues, immoralities and treacheries of past centuries. Zola would condemn a drama showing forth the exalted courage and devotion of the cavaliers who supported the lost cause of Charles, but he would praise one entering subtly into the hypocrisy of Cromwell's rule or the licentiousness of the Court of Charles II. The good and exalted of the past are to be laughed off the stage as artificial, while all the bad that can be ransacked from the past is to be served up to us so that we may understand human nature and appreciate true art, so they tell us. One of the finest chapters in the history of human nature in my opinion was the high physical courage attained in the middle ages, an exaltation of personal valor and recklessness of life which, as illustrated by the French duel of the present day, is simply inexplicable in these times. The high courage that made Philippe D'Artagnan, for instance, rush about France in high good humor looking for fights, has dribbled its weakened stream down through the years, and even a drama of this century might possess such a central figure without outraging truth. A delineation of the character and a portrayal of the deeds of Col. Fred Burnaby would be more wholesome and edifying than a study of the morbid mind and murderous deed of Giteau. If we go back to early American days there is a worthier theme in the heroism and daring of Paul Jones than in the plottings of the traitorous Arnold. Let us continue to believe in human nature. There is more of good than of bad in our hearts. You cannot educate the eye in beautiful colors by con-

stantly looking at black mud and studying its ugliness, nor can you improve your opinion of human nature or refine your own character by forever contemplating the repulsive in mankind since the fall of Adam.

Alexander Salvini as Don Cesar De Bazan, as Philippe D'Artagnan in *The Three Guardsmen* and as Ray Blas, fills my conception of a healthy, elevating fellow. Had I lived in the days of Louis XIII. and had free choice, I would rather have been the robust, ever-ready guardsman, than Cardinal Richelieu, with his power in the kingdom and his place in history. There was a man who could enjoy a dinner, who could sleep like a child, and who could handle a sword in a good cause like only himself. He is healthier meat for the eye than the cunning old churchman and a better model to shape oneself after. We cannot run around nowadays drawing swords on everyone who laughs at us—some would die of exhaustion first day, though never pierced by steel—but we can emulate his lean nature and hearty courage. Those who saw Salvini in one of his light plays feel now as much invigorated as they felt when they had a week's vacation. The support with Salvini is capable, Miss Maud Dixon, who became Mrs. Salvini last Saturday at Cleveland, particularly captivating the audience in her various roles.

Joseph Arthur has been quite a success at a certain kind of play-making, his *Blue Jeans* and *The Still Alarm* having enjoyed great runs all over America. His new comedy drama, *Cornercracker*, which is now being presented for the first time in New York, is said to be quite different from the two previous ones, there being no attempt to ring in scenic effects. How under the sun Mr. Arthur could persuade himself to write a play without bringing in a sawmill or a fire-engine, or a burning house, or a stone quarry, or a ship-wreck with a light-house being blown to pieces by the villain who places a firecracker or a powder flask under it—how he could resist all the fine holocaust effects and trip-hammer features, so to speak, that must be strewn about the great, rumbling manufactory of his mind, is what beats me. I fear *Cornercracker* will be tame to lovers of the *Still Alarm* and *Blue Jeans*, but it may be the author's purpose to attract the attention of a new lot of people with his new play.

Many of the scenic effects of *The Still Alarm* have been appropriated by other playwrights of the hammer-and-saw school, but in every case the copy has been much inferior to the original. Although this is true, still, seeing these inferior ones causes the better one when seen to pass off with tameness. This is what one would expect, though I must confess that the crowd at Jacobs & Sparrow's Monday night—and there was scarcely a vacant seat from floor to the ceiling—almost raised the roof with applause. It seems to me that there is too much hugging in *The Still Alarm*. Hugging is the word—embracing simply does not begin to describe it. Jack Manly hugs Elinore Fordham about seven times in as many minutes; Willie Manly hugs his mother and then he hugs Cad Wilbur, and then next Jack Manly comes in and he hugs his mother, and Willie Manly hugs Cad again and his mother again, and Jack hugs Elinore some more—a very demonstrative family the Manlys! I have known some very affectionate sons in real life who did not hug their mothers every time they came within arm's length. To be hugged a hundred times a day by two sons all her life must be very wearing on a woman of Mrs. Manly's avoirdupois. I don't think much of that grizzly-bear kind of affection, and besides could not help feeling that two such fine fellows as Jack and Willie might, in the reduced state of the family fortunes, spend less time in hugging and more in hunting work. Look at Jack, too, picking up a chair and knocking out the sixteen light window of their apartment—there is a hugging son for you! The mother would have to wash and scrub a lot to make the pennies that would replace that window. However, little things like these do not bother anybody who goes to see a scenic melo-drama, and it is considered quite a matter of course that the villain should burn a house down and run risks of cremating an entire family in order to destroy a sheet of notepaper, which, of course, is never destroyed. The *Still Alarm* is probably running the biggest week so far this season at Jacobs & Sparrow's.

If by farce comedy is meant the collation of a series of utterly improbable though ludicrous scenes, then certainly Playmates fills the bill, for except in a pantomime I never saw so many impossible situations worked into one play. In the first act Jack Wellington makes love to Alice Frogdon and swears to worship at her shrine only for the remainder of his days, before the whole crowd of her father's employees, who pursue their daily avocations in the most nonchalant manner. Why they remained on the stage was a mystery, as they did not take a hand in the love-making, unless it was that Miss Alice was a very astute dame who was making provision for a breach of promise case should her lover prove untrue. After that the employees and Miss Alice indulge in a very wild and giddy dance, in which high kicking was the leading feature. Fancy young ladies employed in any of our big millinery emporiums doing this. Then a couple of tramps masquerade as two noble lords and manage to deceive the merchant, or rather storekeeper, Frogdon, into accepting them as the genuine article. All of which goes to show that Playmates is a very peculiar play, and anyone who has a taste for eccentric occurrences, enlivened by some catchy songs, had better go and see it.

There are degrees of excellence in all things, in farce comedies as well as in dramas; and while often a matter of individual opinion, yet whenever a play has been produced and has met with a continuous run at the same theater for over three hundred nights, it is safe to assume that the degree of excellence is of the highest order and the play is meritorious. In My Aunt Bridget we have all this and can safely predict for the patrons of Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House a farce comedy of the very best order. In Mr. George W. Monroe we have the very best of comedians, and his creation of the role of Aunt Bridget is a master-

piece of art. He is so funny and droll that in spite of all efforts to resist, he provokes not only a smile but convulses one with screaming laughter. My Aunt Bridget is a farce of the highest order, clean and wholesome throughout, with absolutely nothing in it to offend the most fastidious. The engagement lasts one week only, including the usual Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees. There will be no advance in prices for this engagement.

Miss Jessie Alexander's recital last Friday evening drew a very large and enthusiastic audience, who welcomed their favorite with every evidence of regard. She made a pretty and graceful picture in her rich gown of white brocade, with softly falling draperies of spangled crepe, and her bright face breaking into smiles as she stood in the center of the beautifully arranged stage, with its framing of autumn leaves and stately palms, and bowed her acknowledgments. People smiled up at her and one old Scottish dame said with a world of affection and appreciation in her tone, "The dear lassie!" Some of Miss Alexander's selections have been given before, but nearly all her programme was new and interesting. She touched all the notes from comedy to pathos and back again in their presentation.

The story of some bells, with its delicate accompaniment of harp and mandolin, was fine. Sent back by the Angels drew tears to the eyes of many a listener, and here and there a black-gowned woman buried her face in her handkerchief as the choked tones of the workman described the grief of his Mary over the loss of their little one. The black-gowned women know the power Miss Alexander possesses in the recital of pathetic incidents. From sad to merry she rung the changes, giving some of her inimitable child pieces, naughty little girls, priggish misses, bold boys and timorous infant songsters, until the people laughed themselves tired.

In the Scotch courtship Miss Alexander was very funny and convulsed the audience with mirth. A very original and amusing selection from an American humorous paper, recounting the extraordinary circumstances attending the nuptials of the butler and the housekeeper, was much enjoyed by the laughing listeners. Miss Alexander has benefited greatly by her summer holiday, and her health is now quite restored. It is not always the case that one finds such modest and genuine anxiety to please her hearers and such gratification at their approval in a young artist who has been feted and flattered in the Mother Country as Miss Alexander has been, but the sincere and careful attention to her profession is one of the many traits which endear her to those whom her talent has attracted.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson and Mr. Owen A. Smily gave their opening dual recital last Tuesday night in the Western Congregational church before a well filled house. The popularity of both these artists is such that it is only necessary to say of them that this season's programme will certainly make them still more popular.

Eugene Field, the celebrated poet-journalist of Chicago, is coming to Toronto in November, for one night only. This will be quite a literary event in this season's amusements, especially as this will be Mr. Field's only appearance in Canada.

Un Mauvais Quart D'heure

MILFORD sat before his early autumn fire, which was enough of a luxury to be extra soothing and welcome, and fingered his meerschaum thoughtfully. He wore a Persian dressing-gown, red and gold morocco slippers and a fez from Constantinople. That he had bought each article in the place of its manufacture and not in the Midway Plaisance implied an idea of travel and resource.

Milford was calmly and peacefully happy, with a good dinner under the Persian gown, and a drowsy brain under the deep blue and silver fez. On his knee lay a small open notebook, in which were sundry figures, dollars and cents, and at the head of the column the legend, August, 1893.

A private note-book, and one he seldom bothered much about, but somehow it had gotten itself open on his knee and he was thinking about it. The artificial logs glowed softly, the lamp burned dimly, when suddenly Milford became aware of the presence of someone at his side, a someone in white, loose raiment, on which the red glow of the fire played, and whose pale, pure, luminous face was turned attentively to him. The note-book was gone from his knee; it lay on the fair palm of the standing figure, and her violet eyes traveled up and down its pages. Milford wished to protest, to remonstrate, to be angry, but a mesmeric power held him silent and watchful, as the presence calmly scanned the written lines. Then a flute-like voice broke the perfumed, warm silence of the bachelor's den. Milford grew chill and hot, as the presence spoke.

"August 1.—Fifty dollars, G.M. Who is G.M?"

He hastened to explain. "My valet; it was Emancipation Day, I gave him a little present."

"August 2.—One hundred dollars, Jeweler. What is that for?"

Milford hesitated, then with an effort, because the violet eyes were on his face, "That was a filigree silver set for Mrs. B. It was a—"

"Well?"

"I kissed her after the yacht race and she

was furious. That was a peace offering."

"Ah! Mrs. B. is a married woman. Does her husband allow men the freedom of her lips?"

"Of course not. Good Lord, my life wouldn't be worth a nickel if B. heard of it. It was partly her fault. She leaned over to me, and her lips were too tempting. St. Anthony would have done it."

"And she kept the filigree set?"

"I've not seen it again." Milford smiled and his tone was cynical.

The presence did not speak, only stood looking at him intently, with such a cold and intense scorn and condemnation that he squirmed in his velvet nest and swore softly.

"August 3.—Five dollars, Mary," she presently continued. "Was this also a peace offering?"

Milford sat sullenly silent.

"Speak!" cried the presence in an awful tone, so that he shivered and stammered:

"No, no, nothing of the kind. Mary was discreet. I had company. My sisters came. Mary refused to let them in; said the rooms were being painted. True enough, by Jove! Carmine! Had to jolly Mary for being such a brick. What do you suppose Sister Agnes would have done if she had found us playing poker at nine in the morning after over seven hours' steady play? We were sights, you bet!"

The presence looked away with eloquent loathing and again Milford's voice trailed uncomfortably into silence.

"August 4.—Five hundred dollars. Poker with club. I quite understand. 'August 4.—Twenty dollars. Supper and lodgings at Carrie's.' The presence paused. 'Where is Carrie's?' she asked.

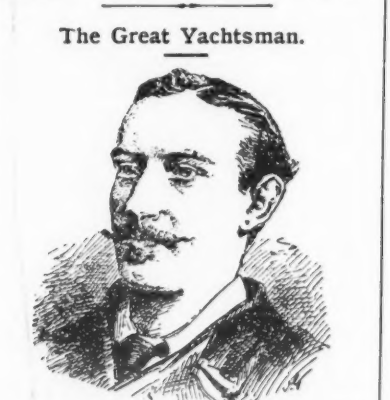
Milford did not answer. The calm voice repeated the question. Milford swore. Again the question was asked.

"Carrie is—was—oh, dash it! Carrie's is a swell shop where we go to sober up. Get full down town, can't go home, go to Carrie's. Good sleep, furnish bath, massage, coffee, clothes brushed, clean linen and chipper as a bird by lunch time. Charges enough; but everyone can't go to Carrie's. She's particular. Got up in palatial style. Limited connection. Used to be old P.'s property. He married, settled enough on Carrie to start this affair. Good business woman, Carrie. Renders accounts monthly, very fair price, considering."

Milford had spoken interestedly, the presence watching the artificial logs; her eyes were flashing when she turned them upon him. He seemed to wither up and shrink into some hideous thing under them. His debonair air vanished; he moaned and writhed; he seemed to see himself as she saw him, profligate, liar, gambler, sot. With a furious curse and a giant effort he rose to snatch the note-book from her. She cast it upon the glowing asbestos, and with her violet eyes fastened upon his contorted face she slowly moved backwards to the door.

When Milford looked wildly about he was alone. His private expense-book lay shriveled on the red-hot logs; his forehead was wet with dew; his heart thumped against his ribs. Dream, vision, conscience, whatever you choose to call it, had given him a very bad quarter of an hour.

The Great Yachtsman.



Lord Dunraven and his Valkyrie, although defeated by the American yacht, have attracted a great deal of favorable attention in America. The yacht is a good one and Dunraven is a thorough gentleman and sportsman. His candid praise of his vanquishers must seem inexplicable to a prevalent kind of Yankee sport. Along with the Earl of Dunraven is the Countess, also the ladies Wyndham-Quin. The Marquis of Ormonde, Lord Wolverton, Honorable Hercules Robert Langrishe and Honorable Arthur Paget were the Earl's guests in New York and sailed with him in the races.

First as a sportsman and then as a statesman, Lord Dunraven has shown himself a great deal more than the mere inheritor of a title. Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, Earl of Dunraven and Mount, earl, Viscount Adare, Baron Henry and a baronet—these are his titles. Then he is a knight of St. Patrick and an ex-Life Guardsman. He was born in 1841. Of course he went through the university mill, taking his degree from Christ Church, Oxford. Then he went straight into the army. The Abyssinian war came on when he was just twenty-five years old. He resigned his position to get to the front and went through the war as a press correspondent, winning much distinction. He is now forty-nine years of age. He rides steepchases and rows well. When yachting he is a hard worker. For ten or twelve years after his marriage he went seeking "sport" in wild lands every year. Canada and America were his favorite hunting grounds. He "did" the Rocky Mountains very thoroughly, moose hunting, wapiti and wild sheep shooting, with "Buffalo Bill" for his guide part of the time. He has fished more American rivers than any other Englishman—perhaps than any native of the whole continent.

BEFORE WATERLOO.

Wellington—There is one very peculiar thing about this campaign.

Blucher—Yes?

Wellington—We will have to be very wide-

awake if we wish to take a Nap.



For Saturday Night.

To let or for sale
A most beautiful cat,
A dollar the dozen,
And a bargain at that.

Greeny-gray are its eyes,
Blackey-white is its fur,
A very fine tail,
An extra fine purr.

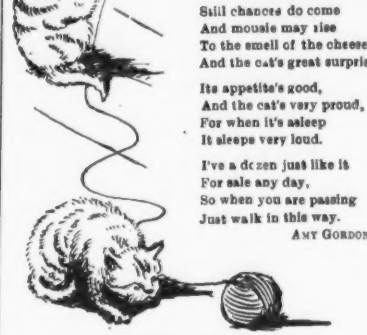
It's a very good mouser,
But the truth I must say,
No mouse has it caught
From its birth till to-day.

Still chances do come
And mouse may also
To the smell of the cheese,
And the cat's great surprise.

Its appetite's good,
And the cat's very proud,
For when it's asleep
It sleeps very loud.

I've a dozen just like it
For sale any day,
So when you are passing
Just walk in this way.

ANY GORDON.



The Loyalist.

For Saturday Night.

The clatter of his horse's hoofs
Rang loudly in the air;
The parched earth rose in dusty clouds
That blurred a landscape fair.

The sinking sun, like burnished gold,
Shone on his armored frame,
That, sparkling in his rapid flight,
Seemed bathed in liquid flame.

His panting horse, with foam-flecked sides,
And nostrils gaping red,
With agonizing moan reeled on,
And moaning sank down dead.

Behind, the enemy came on,
A hundred flying steeds;
And in the thunder of their tread
The knight his death-knell reads.

Beside the prostrate steed he bent
With sad and mournful eye,
"Ah, noble, faithful beast," he said,
"Together, then, we die."

And calm, with folded arms, he stood;
While down upon him bore
A hundred armed, revengeful forms,
With wild exultant roar.

With scornful glance he waved them back,
And drew his flashing sword;
His haughty pose of cool contempt
To silence awed the horde.

"O, traitors to your King!" he cried,
With scathing, flashing eye,
"Think not, ye rebels to your land,
By such as you I die."

"Come, brave and doughty rebel mob,
A hundred swords to one,
I scorn your vile and traitorous touch;
Take, then, the prize you've won."

They shrank back from the scornful glance,
And not a man came on;
While proud and mockingly he stood,
And laughed with sword full drawn.

Till goaded on by shame and rage
They rushed into the fray,
A hundred furious men to one,
His broad sword held at bay.

The rattle of their clashing swords
And crashing blow and thrust
Rang out, while many, many sank,
Down in the blood-soaked dust.

A hundred armed men to one!
And still his voice rang out
Above the groans and clashing swords
In scornful, mocking shout.

At last, beneath a furious stroke,
His sword in splinters flies;
And in, with mad, triumphant yell,
They rush to seize their prize.

But back, upon a shivering rock,
He leaps with agile grace;
And, covered with a hundred wounds,
Still mocks them to their face.

"Ye jackals of a traitor lord,
Go tell him ye have won;
But, dogs, go tell him how ye left
But eighty men to one."

Then, straight into their flaming eyes
He hurled the broken sword,
And like a log a rebel corpse
A corpse upon the sword.

Then standing calm, and straight, and pale,
In scornful haughty pride,
Drew forth a dagger from his belt
And plunged it in his side.

So, falling on the sounding rock,
His mail-clad form did ring,
And with a dying smile did breathe
"For country, God, and King."

R. E. WILLIAMS.

The Gift Divine.

A single tree my property is:
Of all the lavish greenness
That summer yields, I have but this
In place of utter leanness.

Hewn in by walls of brick and stone,
This one green outlook is my own.

But breadth of land and sweep of sea
Have failed of such attraction,
And bloomy gardens granted me
Less simple satisfaction.

A gift of sudden sunshine brings
Than now in one tree I possess.

It shuts all sordid things away,
All pleasant things embrace;
It fills the silence day by day
With summer's sweetest faces.

Brooks babble, wild flowers smile for me,
And forests murmur, in my tree.

Birds too, and butter-flies and bees,
Through in the compass narrow,
A choir of rippling harmonies
I hear in one brown sparrows.

A gift of sudden sunshine brings
Than now in one tree I possess.

Ah, gift divine! what sorrow curbs,
What bitter fate can flout you?
Better with you a meal of herbs
Than the staid old without you?

For eyes that you anoint can see
All nature's beauty in one tree.

—Mary Bradley, in the Sunday School Times.

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Between You and Me.

WOMEN are in a combative state in many lands over the vexed question of their rights, but the strife takes on a very funny and absurd aspect when it reaches Japan. No one ever seriously credited the little Musmées with the least speck of strong-mindedness, but at last they have risen in their might and the Mikado, like Solomon to the Queen of Sheba, has granted all that they demanded. And that all! It is too funny; it is the right to be old maids if they prefer the state of single blessedness! Heretofore, if the little Yum Yum did not secure Nanki Po by the time she had reached a certain age, the Government picked out a bachelor Jap and compelled a marriage. No old maiden aunts or sisters or cousins were allowed in chrysanthemum land. But this year the law is not enforced; after this year, this plentiful year of 1893, the Japanese lady who doesn't wish to marry doesn't have to!

I have been much interested for the last three months in reading what the clever people who have visited the World's Fair have written about it. Scores of men and women have jotted down their impressions, their conclusions and their observations. There is a certain sameness about the impressions; the great White City has slightly awed and silenced the deeper natures, and has roused up some spread-eagle writers into a flow of language which these first distinctly resent. Frankly, one cannot put the charm on paper. It is too spiritual for words. Looks, long quiet looks and turnings back for more, confess the greatness of the need we had of this charm. For our lives in America are devoid of the grace and the majesty of the classic, shorn of ideals, and on a dead level of practical materialism. The White City has uplifted them! The September *Cosmopolitan* offered its readers articles written on the Fair by various orders and degrees of men from the ex-President of the Republic to the genial English novelist, Mr. Walter Besant, who gives his impressions. Mrs. Henriotin, the working horse of the Board of Management team, discourses on the woman's exhibit, and her kind and keen criticisms bespeak her large and thoughtful mind. Though not so pretty to look at as Mrs. Bertha Honor Palmer, Mrs. Henriotin has more precious excellences than the beauty which perishes. In fact, so many and so satisfactory are the writings on the great Fair that one who reads and thinks over them will have a fairer idea of it than ever was given by writers on a similar subject. One man or woman could never tackle the great theme, but scores of men and women may perhaps present it fully.

I was surprised at Walter Besant's scant periods. He ekes out his prose with capital letters, sketching a pair of uninteresting folk called the Average Man and the Average Woman. Capital letters are his little weakness. Read his stories and you'll remark it. They remind me of the graphological studies I sometimes see, where for the better guidance of the student, writers sprinkle capitals in an inconsequent manner through their words. Women have raved over the signification of the Woman's building, of its beautiful contents, of the stand made by women, and they have gloried in the same. There are pretty things in the Woman's building, but not grand things; there are interesting exhibits, but their interest springs from association, narrow and not helpful to the great world of to-day. And the most forceful traits of women—patience, love and loyalty were hers from all time, from the days of Eden—would be hers though woman's rights were never fought for and the redoubtable Susan and all her kind had died in their cradles. The most interesting thing I saw in connection with feminine exploits was the groggy old boat of brave Grace Darling. There was a woman! The feather cloak built of prairie chicken feathers by a woman, after years of labor, made me tired; so did many an eye-straining scrap of embroidery and lace. One can get no upward impulse from things such as these. There was many a woman in the art gallery who chased about among the nobler marbles to find the Vanderbilt family in their uninteresting group, and who looked and went away, not a whit the better for it all, and as I saw them hunting up the Vanderbilts they wearied me.

The men have been good to the women at the Fair. They have guided them on foot, and pushed them in chairs, and saved them from robbery, and generally acted up to the traditions of the Western world, traditions founded on the experience of years ago, when women, good or bad, were scarce and precious. It must surely be the influence of those traditions that gives the Western woman such license and power, for in many cases she queens it in the crowded city with as high a hand as she did when, in mines and prairies, shelled ten miles away from the next woman. And the women have not acted very prettily nor in a way to "allure and charm," as Samantha Allen would say. They have fought in their board meetings, fought until the air was heavy with soba, and tinged with flushed cheeks, and scintillating with the angry flashes from snapping eyes. They have shown us the sorry spectacle of uncontrolled control, of managers without serenity and words without wisdom. That calm and serenely poised Bertha, who stood scandalized and looked at them, must have felt a good deal of the shame of their quarrelling before she threatened to resign the place she has so beautifully filled. Ah, the Fair has been hard on the women. It has confessed their weakness before a whole world full of men!

LADY GAY.

Musical Cookery.

The city of Berlin possesses a head cook who, like Baptiste-Lullin in his time, cultivates music in his leisure moments. He has just composed for the *cornet a piston* a polka entitled: "The Boiled Egg Polka." On the first page of this composition we read: Put the eggs into hot water, play The Boiled Egg Polka in allegro moderato time, take out your eggs at the end of the last beat and serve up hot.—*Le Journal de Vienne.*

Greek Letter Societies.

NATURAL sociability, coupled with the absence of colleges constituting social centers in themselves, such as those of which the large English universities are composed, has developed in American universities one of the most peculiar and at the same time most interesting institutions—the Greek Letter Societies. Their history extends over little more than a century, yet already these societies are recognized by the authorities as a most important feature of the university system, not so much perhaps on account of their intellectual influence as on account of the valuable social elements which they present.

The charm of membership in a college fraternity is much easier for one to imagine than for another to describe. No set phrase, no collection of facts or arguments, however large, can for a moment portray the life that often lurks beneath the hallowed veil of a merely nominal secrecy. Honor and manliness seem to have been the watch-words of all the best fraternities, and the history of their development is the simple tale of a steady and natural growth from small beginnings.

Of these societies the first to assume the characteristic Greek name was that of Phi Beta Kappa, founded at Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1776, the early meetings of which were held in the Apollo room of the Raleigh tavern, the very room where Patrick Henry gave forth his famous revolutionary speech. This society was secret in its nature, and tradition has handed down several accounts of its origin, but whatever may have been the manner of its beginning the cause was undoubtedly the common friendship and inter-dependence of its founders. The parent chapter was called the Alpha, and within a few years branches had been established in several other colleges. In 1831 the Harvard chapter having revealed its individual secrets, and also those of the organization, the fraternity assumed the purely formal existence which it still possesses as an honorary society.

In 1824 a secret and select literary society was organized at Princeton bearing the name of Chi Phi, but in the following year it was abolished by the faculty, who, unable to appreciate the benefits to be derived from secret bonds of friendship and brotherly love, stand alone to-day among the well known American universities in retaining a blind and uncompromising prejudice to the Greek Letter Society system.

One year later a few congenial spirits, drawn together by four years of constant intercourse, evolved the idea of a secret brotherhood having for its aim a close bond of friendship, together with the attainment of a broader culture than that afforded by the regular college courses, and towards the close of the year 1825 the Kappa Alpha Society was founded at Union College. This was in reality and spirit the pioneer Greek Letter fraternity, being the first to display the characteristics which have since distinguished, and to put into operation the principles which have since guided, these societies. As might be expected, the new society met with sharp and determined opposition, though it was secretly popular among the students, and ere two years had gone by the college witnessed the establishment of Sigma Phi and Delta Phi; with the coming of the last two the era of college fraternities may be said to have been fully inaugurated at Union, and thence the system spread throughout the colleges of the United States.

The interval of thirty-five years from the founding of the Kappa Alpha Society to the year 1861 was the golden age of Greek Letter societies. The unrelenting persecution with which their opponents pursued them, the numerous arguments which they arrayed against them seemed only to feed the flames, and ere the first note of civil war burst upon the country the societies had increased in number through almost every possible combination of the Greek alphabet. Many of course have long since vanished from the face of the earth. Of those that still remain, Delta Kappa Epsilon, founded at Yale in 1844, is the largest, having considerably more than ten thousand members; Psi Upsilon comes next, with some eight thousand; while Beta Theta Pi, Pi Delta Theta, Alpha Delta Phi, and Phi Kappa Psi have each a membership of upwards of five thousand. Though comparatively few fraternities have been founded since the war, owing to the increasing difficulty of competing with old and well established societies, still as the colleges grow the societies grow with them, and to-day the twenty-eight general fraternities embrace a membership of more than ninety thousand. When to this is added the number of those who belong to the local societies which in the smaller colleges enjoy a large share of local patronage, it will be found that the total membership of Greek Letter fraternities reaches more than one hundred thousand, representing every possible profession and branch of business, every shade of religious and political life. Some idea may thus be gathered of the firm hold which the fraternity spirit has taken upon the college students of this continent.

It is now some thirty-eight years since the Kenyon chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society built their famous log cabin at Gambier, Ohio. It was situated in a ravine near the college, and here the members—one of whom is now an orator of national reputation—gathered together in secret conclave. Before this the societies, harassed by the authorities, had been accustomed to hold their meetings in village hotels, empty garrets, or in fact anywhere that was found to be convenient. The building of this cabin by the D. K. E. society proved to be the beginning of an epoch in house building among the fraternities which is still in active progress. From ordinary meeting-halls the more enterprising fraternities progressed towards the building of ample homesteads, providing comfortable board and lodging for their members, often excelling in this respect the dormitory accommodation of the colleges themselves. Several of the college faculties have presented those of the societies that wished it with building sites, and in no case have they had reason to regret their generosity. With the aid of wealthy and generous sons many of the societies have erected attractive and substantial chapter houses which add much to the attractiveness of the college grounds. A glance

ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



XL.—H. M. The Queen of Denmark.

at the various buildings reveals at once the fact that almost every conceivable type of architecture has been tried. The Greek, the Moorish and the Gothic, indeed all styles are represented, and although perhaps it may fairly be said that in the past too much attention has been paid to external appearances, in all probability the future efforts of the fraternities in this direction will be characterized by less show and more comfort. Some idea of the extent to which house building has been carried by the various societies may be formed when it is known that the value of the real and personal property belonging to the fifteen American college fraternities represented by at least one house each, is estimated at nearly two millions of dollars.

An interesting feature of many of the societies is their literature, made up of journals (which in some of the societies have a large circulation), histories, catalogues of membership, and song books, the last mentioned containing the early efforts of those young enthusiasts who have been stirred by the imaginative themes of life within the society halls.

The legislative function of the fraternities is now usually vested with annual conventions which are held with the different chapters in turn, when besides the transaction of routine business the many students gathered together from all parts of the country listen to poems or orations delivered by members of the fraternity who have attained eminence in public life. Whatever may have been their shortcomings, those who look back over their history without favor or malevolence must declare that the societies have been productive of the highest good rather than of evil; indeed, their very success seems to prove that they have supplied a "felt want" in the student's life. Because they met behind closed doors and adorned their badges with Greek letters they have been charged with plotting and conspiring against college authority, and all manner of rebellious and evil conduct has been attributed to them. Experience has shown these charges to be wholly unfounded. The fact that in times past many secret organizations have met with deserved opposition has enabled malicious persons to cast upon college fraternities the odium attaching to the name secret in the minds of many good but insufficiently informed people who are not able to distinguish between them and other secret organizations with which they are so skillfully classified by their opponents. Whatever form of objection may be taken to them, there is at least one very significant fact in their favor. On their catalogue lists are to be found not only the names of undergraduates, but also the names of men who have won distinction at the bar, in the field of literature, in public life, men in short whom it is an honor to know at all and a privilege to know well.

"It is not accidental," said President Sooley of Amherst College in an address delivered by him on June 23, 1897, "that the foremost men in college as a rule belong to some of these societies. That each society should seek for its membership the best scholars, the best writers and speakers, the best men of a class shows well where its strength is thought to be."

To represent all the fraternities as standing on anything like the same level would be misleading and untrue. Some pride themselves on their age and conservatism, others on the wealth and number of their members; some revere high scholarship, others good fellowship. Yet in all there is to be found sufficient refinement to improve the sociable and sufficient good-fellowship to attract the cultured. It is no easy matter to forecast the future history of these societies. Having outgrown early prejudices they may be expected to enjoy no small prosperity in years to come, and there are many of those competent to judge who believe that the society chapters in the larger universities may some day grow into independent little communities akin to the English colleges, each having its own instructors and professors maintained by permanent endowment, who may thus relieve the university

proper of much of the elementary and subsidiary work of instruction. Be this as it may—and it is a theory by no means unworthy of consideration—certain it is that the Greek Letter Society, though already enjoying a very prominent place, is destined to play a much more important part in the university history of the future.

In Canada the system may be said to be still in its infancy, though the success with which the several chapters already established at Toronto University have met gives no uncertain sound for the future.

HELENICUS.

A Grand Old Man.

Francis Parkman, whom many critics both at home and abroad regard as the greatest of American historians, was seventy years old on Sept. 16 and no doubt received many congratulations on the event. Mr. Parkman has just returned to Boston from his summer sojourn at Newcastle, N. H., greatly improved in health, though not yet entirely a well man. He is still engaged upon his great series of books treating of early American history, upon which he is putting the finishing touches. Although he based his studies upon all the available material within his reach, the last forty years have brought to light many documents which make a revised edition necessary. Years ago Mr. Parkman was spoken of as the youngest of the great American historians. He has now the distinction of being the oldest. He has lived to complete and round out his great task, and he has done his work with a fortitude, a patience, a triumph of will over obstacles, and a resolute purpose to bend all



Francis Parkman.

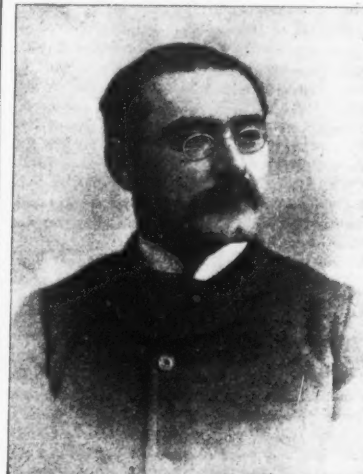
his energies to this one end that places him without a rival among modern historians.

He has done his work for fifty years amid the strain and effort of compelling an enfeebled body to obey the instructions of a vigorous mind. Few men have shown greater vigor of intellect amid equal difficulties in bringing its forces to bear upon human affairs. His whole life has been a contest in which the will has been superior to bodily strength. He has not only mastered himself, but mastered all the working forces of his mind—his imagination, his intuition for facts, his powers of research, the details of place and time which give an historical narrative its local touch and color—and he has interlarded all these qualities with his rich and entertaining literary genius. He stands to-day among the first of living historians, and in vigor and ease and directness of style has no superior among the writers of English prose.

At a Woman's Rights meeting in Switzerland not long ago, a man was doing his best to make the woman speaker uncomfortable by catechizing her on the platform. Finally, he brought up the old argument that women can not be soldiers, and therefore should not be allowed to vote. "True," said the lady orator, "we are not soldiers, but we are the mothers of our children!" "Oh! as to that," said her opponent, "we are the fathers of our children!" "You can't swear to that!" snapped out the feminine orator, and then there was a grand silence.

"Spre de Core."

The following verses in imitation of Rudyard Kipling are written by Captain A. M. Irving of Toronto, and in them a local militiaman gives his opinion about his own lot in life, and also takes a fling at Tommy Atkins. Captain Irving sent the verses to the *Canadian Military Gazette*, where they were published under the above title and over the nom de plume of Maxwell Drew. He also mailed a copy to Rudyard Kipling at his present home at Battleboro', Vt., and in reply received a most courteous and flattering letter from the man who has immortalized Tommy Atkins and



Rudyard Kipling

glorified the hills of India with his genius and his humor. After discussing the tendency of British regulars and volunteers the world over to kick about one thing or another, a habit which he thinks they must find healthy, he concludes as follows: "It was in my mind to make Tommy Atkins answer 'Maxwell Drew' in the language of the barrack room, but on second thoughts I remembered that Thomas does not know Canada at all." Our readers are indebted to Captain Irving for the portrait and autograph of Mr. Kipling, which are here given:

SPRE DE CORE.

Complaints! Why, sir, yer j'kilo,
We've got 'em by the score,
But wot's the use ov grubblin'?

Thet ain't no "spre de core."

We've read ov Danny Deever,

An' ov Fies-upon-Parade,

An' all about the 'orrid things

The Color-Sargint said;

Ov Mister Tommy Atkins

An' the way 'e growls at 'ome,

'Ow 'e calls the 'Queen 'o' the widdy,

An' as 'ow 'e loves to roam;

'Ow 'e calls 'is 'grog 'is 'tippie,

An' 'is vittals 'o' 'oose 'ouse,

'Ow 'e gits put bin 'is 'gawd room,

An' thin kinks about the 'stope."

Now 'e ain't ar' had treated,

For 'e gits good clothes to wear,

An' 'e gits good soldier's 'awtions,

An' 'eaps ov good fresh air;

An' still 'e ain't contented,

'Ow 'e sowl 'e makes me sick,

With 'is 'heverwiddin' grumbles,

An' 'is never-hendin' kick.

Wholse us poor "civ' soldiers

Don't gits nothink, clothes nor food,

A 'bout 'is wust in seven years,

An' 'e gits wot ain't no good.

An' 'e hain't got no place to drill

Wot's fit for decent 'ogs,

The drill shed leaks like all-out-doors,

An' 'e soaks ov 'is ownin' 'ogs.

We don't gits no blaccouragement,

Nor even thanks no more,

An' still 'e turns 'is 'ouse 'is strength,

An' shows 'is "spre de core."

We ain't, I s'pose, as Kiplin' sez,

'No thin rd 'erces' yet,

Nor 'salvies ov our countree,' tho'

Some people calls 'us thet.

For we've ad fofkshin' at Batouche,

At Cut Knife and Fish Creek,

An' 'eld our 'own, tho' we was armed

With 'gas polpes,' so to speak.

We 'ad a blaimed good general then,

Wot's more we've got one now,

'E knows it all, an' 'ow'n't be beat

At kickin' up a row.

By kickin' up a row, I means

By 'grawp'le' 'ev'ry 'owance

To gits 'is 'ev'rythink we needs,

Lord knows we needs new pawes!

An' soon we'll 'ave a new drill 'all

Where we kin 'stan-at-ease

Without rain tricklin' down our backs

An' slushin' 'bout our knees.

Marteeny Metford roides

An' bearskin, too, I 'ear

An' fifty-five non-comman' men

A-drawin' pay next year.

An' then we'll show them knowin' ones

We knows a thing or two

About the 'Queen's 'Reg' 'ation, an'

'Bout drill an' shootin' too.

We won't 'ave no tin soldiers then

A-comin' 'over 'ere,

An' gittin' 'up no tournymint

An' drinkin' our good beer.

An' if, as Mister Kiplin' sez,

We aren't no 'erces' yet,

Well—jist 'at walk—'old 'ard a bit,

We'll gits there—don't you fret.

The Best and the Worst.

Traveler—Where is the best hotel in this place?

Porter—Do you see that house over yonder? That is the worst.

Traveler—I don't want the worst; it is the best hotel I want.

Porter—Can't tell you, I'm sure; that's the only one we've got.—*Humoristische Blätter.*

A British farmer on board a steamer, suffering a good deal from the rolling, said to a friend: "This cap'n don't understand his business. Why don't he keep in the furrows?"

NOTABLE EVENTS IN HISTORY.

NO. V.—BAYARD, THE HERO OF CHIVALRY.

The name of Bayard has become a synonym for gallantry and heroism. He lived at a time when the strict laws of chivalry were becoming greatly relaxed, and when knights were assuming the vices as well as the profession of mere soldiers of fortune, yet no breath of dishonor ever tarnished his fame. He was known by friend and foe as "the good knight" and above all reproach.

Bayard was born at the Chateau de Bayard, Duphny, France, in 1475. His family was an ancient and honorable one, and a race of warriors. His great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Poliers, his great-grandfather at Crecy, his grandfather at Montlhery, while his father received many honorable wounds in the wars of Louis XI. When young Bayard was only eighteen his martial valor and desire for military glory led him to enlist under the banners of Charles VIII., in the expedition against Naples, and in the hotly contested battle of Fornova he won the admiration of the king by a desperate hand-to-hand combat in which he won a stand of colors. On a certain occasion, during the siege of Milan in 1499, the enemy made a strong sortie from their works, but were defeated and driven back; and in the eagerness of pursuit Bayard was carried by the press within the walls of the city and captured; but even at that early age his reputation for honor and valor was so great that he was liberated by his admiring enemies and conducted in safety to the lines of the French army, with his horse and armor and without ransom or parole.

During the war with Spain, when the battle had gone against the French and they were in full retreat, two hundred steel-clad Spanish knights, mounted on fresh horses, and with their lances firmly fixed, came dashing down upon the devoted army. Such an attack in that moment of rout and peril meant certain destruction. Fright and despair blanched the cheeks of the French troops as they saw this dreadful array of glittering spears bar-



Bayard the Hero of Chivalry.

ing down upon them. But the magnificent courage of a single man turned the tide and saved the army. Between the flying French and the plunging column of Spanish horsemen, there was a deep and rapid stream, spanned by a narrow bridge, over which the on-coming Spaniards were compelled to pass. Bayard's quick eye saw the opportunity, and dashing the spurs into the foaming flank of his jaded war horse he threw himself upon the bridge and awaited the shock. It came in all its power and ferocity, but he held his own, and with his terrible battle-axe hewed bloody zaps in the ranks of the astonished Spaniards. They hesitated and recoiled, and then came on again with redoubled energy, but the gallant Bayard cut to the right and left and soon built a rampart in front of him with the bodies of the dead and wounded. Thus he held the two hundred in check until the French, having recovered from their panic and gained a place of security, he turned and followed them, amidst the admiring shouts of both armies. The Spaniards did not pursue Bayard or the French, but were satisfied with the episode of the bridge.

In the battle of Guinegate, fought on Aug. 16, 1513, between the French and the army of Henry VIII. of England, Bayard assisted by only twelve men-at-arms held the entire English army at bay until the French, who were panic-stricken and in full retreat, had time to recover. This was called "the battle of the spurs" by the English, because they claimed the French made better use of their spurs than of their arms during the fight.

After the battle of Marignano, known in history as "the battle of the giants," and which was won principally through the bravery and sagacity of Bayard, Francis I. was so delighted with his feats of valor that he requested the honor of being knighted by his hands, a mark of distinction never offered by any other royal ruler to a subject. He never fought in a single battle without adding to the list of his deeds of courage.

But it was in his last battle that he won his



Ver see I ties her by the leg, 'cause it keeps me from jumpin' up the whole time; when I sees a carriage comin' I just pulls her in, an' then she's ready for another start, see?—Life.

most enduring fame. Although he had won the rank of Lieutenant-General, yet when sent into Italy to fight under Boniviet against the Constable de Bourbon he did not resent the subordinate post, but went cheerfully. When Boniviet was wounded, he entrusted the army to the sagacious and ever valiant Bayard, who would doubtless have scored a victory but that he was struck by a stone thrown from an arquebuse. Realizing that his wound was mortal, at his own request he was left seated against a tree, with his face toward the advancing enemy, among whom he soon afterwards expired. His death ended the battle, for the French, learning that he had fallen, broke into disorderly flight, abandoning everything and seeking only to save their lives. When Bayard fell, France lost more than an army; she lost the soul of chivalry and the genius of victory.

Fall Gowns and Gewgaws.



THE costume which our artist has sketched this week is at once stylish, economical and easy of arrangement. The gown is formed of woollen reps—but any sufficiently heavy fabric in hopsacking, cloth or cord will lend itself to a successful result. The skirt is cut in the medium full circle shape, and in the illustration is banded with narrow feather trimming. Fur would be very stylish in place of feathers and could be worn more frequently without marring its freshness. The under-waist is of silk with pointed velvet girdle, and the over-jacket is of velvet, cut with points in front and small pleated tails in the back. Leg-of-mutton sleeves in the reps are finished at the wrists with two bands of feather trimming, and capped at the shoulders with epaulettes of the velvet. A small toque of the velvet with upstanding points in front and smaller but similar garniture at the back, is worn with this ladylike and elegant gown. The colors in which it will be most stylish and effective will be warm browns, rather rich greens and the deep emerald purple which bids fair to hold its own during the coming winter.

Brown is the color for preference, with green a good second for the fall gowns now in hand. I remarked a pretty dress lately of fawn, green and brown mottled hopsacking, trimmed with mink. The fur was the remains of an old boa refurbished and freshened and cut by the furrier into narrow strips for bordering the Eton coat and wrists of the gown, the skirt being a very moderately full and rigidly plain tailor-made affair. A pretty far garniture runs down the front and side seams of a half-gored skirt, and beginning at the right shoulder seam crosses the front of the tight bodice in a diagonal fastening and ends under the left arm; the cuffs are also decorated with the fur and the collar encircled with the same. A natty gown is of deep Jacqueminot red cloth. The decoration is novel, being three ruffles set on the skirt about six inches below the waist line and bound with black satin; the same motif decorates the coat sleeves, which emerge from the arm-hole plain and rather tight and are rendered of the desired 1830 bulk by the three ruffles set on three inches lower, giving the effect of the slipped-over decolete corsage worn at that period. The bodice of this gown has a yoke outlined with gold and black passementerie, and the waist is finished by a black satin belt.

Have you seen the Hussar coat in deep shaded green, brown, red or blue, with short over-jacket fronts of lighter cloth? Even white cloth may be employed for these fronts, and braided loops are set

on them in true military style. They are very smart and stylish and a woman of slender and tall figure becomes them well. Both over-jacket from neck to waist and coat cuffs are bordered with a band of bias velvet, the cuffs being set up in the military Vandike. Large mantles and pleated capes are *de rigueur* and some of them are so immense as to completely extinguish their pretty wearers.

LA MOE.

The Gallant Fellow-Passenger.

Lily Bertles, the juvenile soubrette, had been spending her holidays on the Lake of Geneva. When about to return to Paris she was accosted at the railway station by a young gentleman whom she had never seen before. He handed her a large basket of gold straw, filled with the choicest flowers, and said: "I am also going to Paris, and these flowers shall serve to introduce us to each other."

When, on their arrival in Paris, Mademoiselle Lily stepped into a cab, the stranger said to her: "If you will wait a moment I will have the basket filled with sweets in place of the wild flowers, as the latter are faded."

On receiving the basket five minutes afterwards the soubrette was astonished at its lightness, and told her companion so.

"No wonder," said the gentleman; "your little hands have conveyed duty-free across the frontier eighteen keyless watches, which lay concealed in the moss." So saying he lifted his hat and disappeared.—Le Figaro.

A Surprised Husband.

"When I returned from my Birmingham journey," said a traveler to a London commercial, "I went home at something after nine o'clock in the evening. There was my house lighted up from top story to basement, and affairs seemed to be going on inside on a grand scale. I let myself in with a latch-key, and walked into the dining-room. Strains of music came from the back part of the hall, and the mingled laughter and conversation indicated a host of guests."

"Presently my wife came into the dining-room dressed like a princess. She ran up to me, saying: 'Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you've come home early.'"

"So'm I," said I. 'What's the racket?' "It's the anniversary of my wedding." "Tilda," said I, 'you're wrong. This is the month of August; it was in the winter we were married!'"

"She serenely replied: 'I know that very well; this is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go and put on your dress suit, dear.'—Tit Bits.

For Headache

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Dr. R. R. Sanford, Sheffield, Mass., says: "Most excellent in derangements of the nervous system, such as headache and sleeplessness."

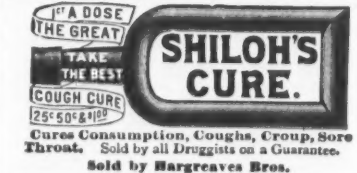
English Opinion

A writer in Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."



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Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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MARTIN McMILLAN, 431 Yonge St.

It was in agents not as regarded of Indians. ing Horse hostility to tivated by education twenty year does not kn matter after On Septer show stepp swirling d Agency. embassy ser of Savages was a shin family of Si their inalle responding Rights of Si in the Territi are none in A curious cowboys, ha mental culti servation so unload a la the boot of t one of the professor's fl not unprepa country and of his carp away all the woollen und change of c the effects of the great, op for viewing t rain-coat and riding-gloves sions to dis and isolated wrongs; a la unsettled sta exercise of th the very boti mote from th of snake-bite his own stev oughly done, brought safe Whisky is i the America knew this a knew that it than anything Therefore, wi his bottle of b whisky, deftl the Susqueh but it had be of bite, as I h tion of emplo The professor numerous on were, along t Lands. But Profess ally familiar altogether ign istence. He b quite customa the light of a be drank free whenever acc being stolen o of himself sta flery, hissing remedy on bos do what he co fate overtakin on his bottle a

FOR He chuckled a into place just The evening rived at the friend, the tea invited him t among the lad any near by, w would be discus riding, as he s room. Now it his friend was Bear, a pupil of man of promise to finish his ed other Indians, who did not kn cession of the of the family in they chose. O Whoops, was promising you named Rolling respectively. never been favo After the pro it occurred to about a bit, if improve his e balled the pro boarded it. Ne and brought to intelligent you saw it, for it w Indian to get w his educated jay saw, as he supp bottle back wit off, and went up He had not b blanket Indian Rolling-Thunde too, soon came delphia craft, s open its hatchw to steal, but the see what sort from the land of admiring the ha their poor abori Man-that-Whoo grunt of satisfac frame. The o loudly. Old Wh his eye caught t scornfully as he

A Chip of History.

It was in the fall of 1882 that government agents noticed a marked falling off in interest as regarded education among the Sioux tribe of Indians. In fact, the Indians at the Standing Horse Agency, at least, developed actual hostility to educational ideas. It has been estimated by one authority that the cause of education among the Sioux was put back twenty years; but to this day the government does not know the reason of it. It was a simple matter after all.

On September 28, 1882, Professor Moses Slowshaw stepped from the stage as it drew up in a swirling cloud of dust at the Standing Horse Agency. Professor Slowshaw was a special embassy sent out by the William Penn Rights of Savages Society of Philadelphia, of which he was a shining member, to see if the gentle family of Sioux was being deprived of any of their inalienable rights. There were no corresponding members of the William Penn Rights of Savages Society among the settlers in the Territory of Dakota at that time. There are none in that neighborhood now.

A curious group of Indians, stage-drivers, cowboys, half-breeds, soldiers, plain and ornamental cutthroats, and other members of reservation society watched Professor Slowshaw unload a large Philadelphia carpet-bag from the boot of the stage and carry it to the house of one of the resident teachers. It was the professor's first trip to that region, but he was not unprepared for it. He had read about the country and knew what to expect. In the hold of his carpet-bag the professor had stowed away all things needful. There were thick woollen underclothes to guard against the change of climate; blue goggles to ward off the effects of the sun which poured down on the great, open, shadowless plain; a field-glass for viewing the somewhat meagre landscape; a rain-coat and rubber boots for wet weather; riding-gloves and a heavy felt hat for excursions to distant points where some solitary and isolated savage might be suffering gross wrongs; a large six-shooting revolver, lest the unsettled state of society should demand the exercise of the first law of nature; and last, in the very bottom next the sheathing and remote from the hatchway, was a liberal bottle of snake-bite remedy. The professor had been his own stevedore, but the work was thoroughly done, and the well-trimmed cargo was brought safely into port.

Whisky is not an antidote for the venom of the American rattlesnake. The professor knew this as well as anybody; but he also knew that it comes nearer to being an antidote than anything yet known to medical science. Therefore, wishing for the best, he saw that his bottle of bite-cure consisted simply of pure whisky, deftly extracted from the long rye of the Susquehanna Valley. The bottle was large, but it had been put in solely for use in the case of bite, as I have said, and not with the intention of employing it to slake ordinary thirst. The professor had heard that the snakes were numerous on the reservation, as, indeed, they were, along the water-courses and in the Bad Lands.

But Professor Slowshaw, though not personally familiar with far Western life, was not altogether ignorant of some phases of the existence. He had a vague notion that it was quite customary there to look upon whisky in the light of a mild and refreshing beverage, to be drunk freely upon certain occasions, namely, whenever accessible. The thought of his bottle being stolen occurred to him. He saw a vision of himself standing in the center of a ring of fiery, hissing serpents, and not a drop of remedy on board his bag. He determined to do what he could to reduce the chances of this fate overtaking him. He accordingly pasted on his bottle a large red label:

POISON!

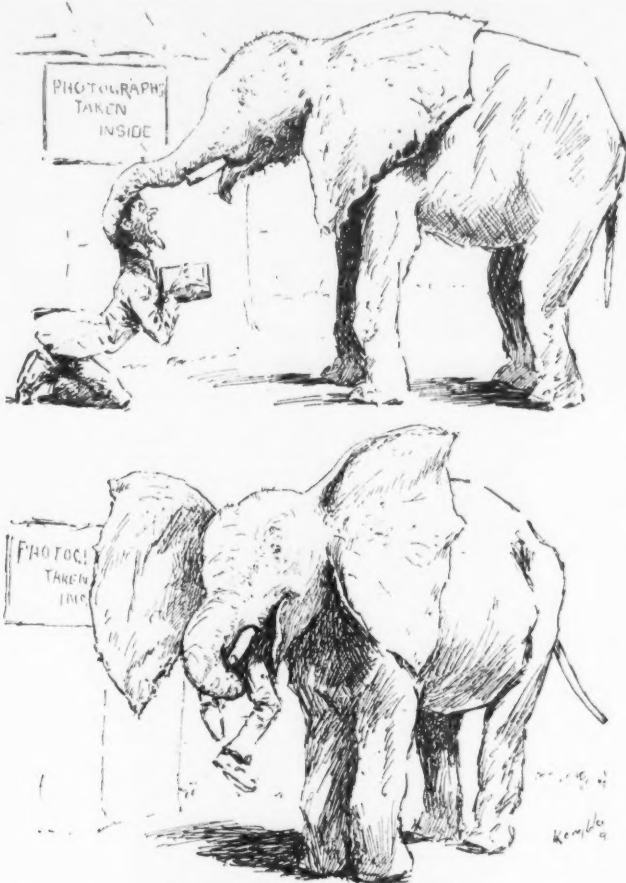
FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY.

He chuckled softly as he lowered the bottle into place just aft of the six-shooter.

The evening after Professor Slowshaw arrived at the Standing Horse Agency his friend, the teacher with whom he was staying, invited him to meet certain other workers among the Indians at the house of a missionary near by, where the rights of the savages would be discussed. The professor left his bag riding, as he supposed, safely at anchor in his room. Now it happened that in the family of his friend was a young Indian named Running Bear, a pupil of the agency school, and a young man of promise, who was destined to go east to finish his education. There were also three other Indians, old and unregenerate heathens, who did not know a school house from the procession of the equinoxes, who were retainers of the family in a way, and came and went as they chose. One of them, named Man-that-Whoops, was the father of Running Bear, the promising young man. The others were named Rolling-Thunder and Slap-in-the-Face respectively. Old Man-that-Whoops had never been favorable to Indian education.

After the professor and his friend had gone it occurred to young Running Bear to look about a bit, if perchance he might not further improve his expanding mind. He finally hailed the professor's bag, made fast, and boarded it. Naturally he explored the hold, and brought to light the bottle of remedy. His intelligent young eye glistened when he first saw it, for it was exceedingly difficult for an Indian to get whiskey on the reservation; but his educated jaw fell as he read the label, and saw, as he supposed, his mistake. Putting the bottle back with a sigh, the young man cast off, and went uptown to see a friend.

He had not been gone long when the three blanket Indians arrived, Man-that-Whoops, Rolling-Thunder, and Slap-in-the-Face. They, too, soon came alongside the strange Philadelphia craft, and were not slow in getting open its hatchways. It was not their intention to steal, but they thought they might as well see what sort of a cargo the good pale-face from the land of the rising sun carried. After admiring the hat and the pistol, they came, in their poor aboriginal way, to the bottle. Old Man-that-Whoops seized it by the neck with a grunt of satisfaction which shook his powerful frame. The others grunted in chorus as loudly. Old Whoops pulled out the cork, and his eye caught the label. "Hub," he grunted scornfully as he pointed to the red skull above



"Well, strike me off a dozen,"—Life.

the crossbones; "him been heap scalped!" Then he glued the bottle to his lips and drank with a precision and earnestness which only a simple out-door life and great thirst could give him strength for. Then Rolling-Thunder and Slap-in-the-Face also drank. After which they all three drank several times.

When Professor Slowshaw and his friend entered the house two hours later, flushed with indignation at the stories of the Indians' wrongs which they had heard, their ears were greeted by strange sounds from above. The first idea of the professor was that the roof of the building was being wrenched off by a shrieking cyclone, and he turned his face cellarward; but the more experienced ear of his friend detected wild human cries mixed with the crash of breaking furniture and the frequent discharge of fire-arms. They rushed upstairs. This is a part of what they saw: Rolling-Thunder was armed with the empty bottle, Slap-in-the-Face with the bag itself, and Man-that-Whoops with the revolver. They were fighting one another with all the ferocity known to their savage natures. Each was beating the other two with his weapon, and every time he got a good chance old Whoops was taking a shot at his opponents. Each was whooping as if he would put his whole life in each individual whoop, and never whoop again. The air was filled with finely broken up debris which never seemed to alight, such was the terrific atmospheric disturbance. The professor and his friend took one terrified look, and then ran to the house of the agent. He called out a detachment of the Indian police, and after considerable difficulty arrested the three savages.

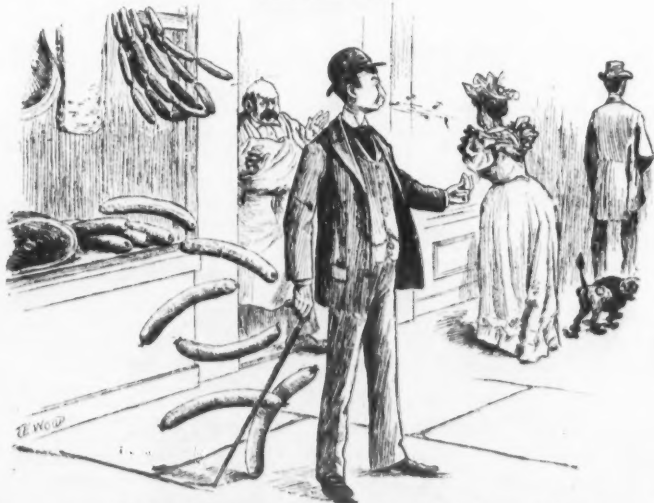
The next day, when young Running Bear got the facts in the case he was the most disgusted young red man in the tribe. He saw the sorry trick his vaunted education had played him—and he as thirsty as his father or any other man. He wept and danced on his school books and cursed the day he had learned to read. The news came to the other Indians, and they all saw what the young man lost by his education, and what the old ones gained by the want of it. No one pointed it out with more earnestness than old Man-that-Whoops and his two friends when they sobered up. It finally came to the ears of the whole tribe. The hopeful young Running Bear went back to the blanket and joined Sitting Bull.

The government agent who reported that the cause of education had been set back twenty years among the Sioux did not overstate the case.—Harper's Weekly.

To Columbian Exposition

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Cause and Effect



Strange action of Butcher Mutalinger's bolognas when Terwilliger called his dog.—Judge.

Congressman Pickler's Continued Story.

The House dearly loves a good story. It will go out of its way at any time and interrupt and indefinitely postpone any sort of debate to listen to one. Last Monday Mr. Pickler was speaking under the five minute rule.

"And now, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I will conclude my remarks with a story concerning a Jewish friend of mine—"

The Speaker's gavel fell. "The time of the gentleman from North Dakota has expired," he said.

"Move that the gentleman's time be extended one minute," yelled a member, bounding out of his chair as though someone had placed a bent pin in it.

"I desire to return my thanks," said Mr. Pickler. "The courtesy which has been shown me awakes a responsive chord in my bosom. It is not often that, in a great national crisis like the present, one man is allowed to occupy the floor to the exclusion of all others. In the ensuing years I shall carry with me to my dying day as one of my most precious memories the recollection of the kindness which was made manifest in the motion of my friend. If I fail to express my gratitude in terms sufficiently direct, believe me that it is not a fault of my heart, but merely an inability of the tongue. I will now conclude my brief and unimportant remarks upon this great question with a story of a Jewish friend of mine, who—"

"The time of the gentleman from North Dakota has expired," said the Speaker.

"Move that his time be extended one minute," called another man on the anxious seat.

There was no objection, and Mr. Pickler proceeded to re-express his gratitude at some length. When he reached the third reference to his Jewish friend the merciless gavel fell once more, cutting off the anecdote in the bloom of its youth.

The performance was repeated some half a dozen times. The pages of the Record show that the story was never finished. His Jewish friend is still a mystery to everyone except himself. Possibly some day when public building bills are occupying the attention of the House he may get the chance to finish a story that must be very funny, else he would not have tried so hard to tell it.—Washington Post.

Miss Paton, whose dressmaking parlors are at Walker & Sons, King street east, has returned from the World's Fair, where she has been studying the latest French fashions, and is now attending the openings of the leading houses in New York. She will be prepared next week to show the newest styles to her numerous patrons.

Unbalanced.

Joblots—There is one thing about your creed I don't understand. Dr. Thirdly—What is that? Joblots—One has to express a belief in a good place, in order to get there, while he can get to the bad place without any belief at all.

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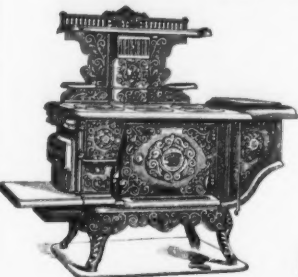
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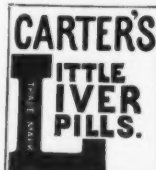
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Music.



Next week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT will contain a forecast of the principal local musical events likely to materialize throughout the Dominion during the coming season. This will be interesting to readers of this column as illustrating the present condition of music in Canada, so far at least as concerns the work of the leading Philharmonic, Choral, Orchestral and Operatic societies of the principal cities and towns of the country. The lively interest taken in this column by the profession in all parts of the country, as evidenced by numerous letters which reach me from time to time, has suggested the thought of securing, as far as possible, an advance record of work likely to be accomplished during the coming year by the most prominent of our musicians throughout Canada. To this end I have addressed notes to the secretaries of the leading societies of the country requesting their assistance in this matter, and the result has been most gratifying. In one instance, at least, the prospect of being omitted from the record has stirred up local pride sufficiently to effect the organization of a society and the selection of work for the season, which otherwise might not have been undertaken. In every instance the required information has been cheerfully given and considerable interest expressed in the appearance of the general summary. The annual publication of a list of contemplated performances of work actually undertaken throughout the country cannot but prove beneficial to the cause. The spirit of emulation likely to result therefrom will not be without its effect.

The musical scribe of *Winnipeg Saturday Night* refers to the recognition by Winnipeg church choirs of works by Canadian composers, and instances the fact that anthems by Ambrose, Torrington, Couture, Reed, Ryner and Harris now find a place in the repertoire of some of the choirs of that city. Messrs. Couture, Reed, Ryner and Harris are specially mentioned as follows: "Mr. Couture is the conductor of the Montreal Philharmonic Society, the foremost organization of its kind in Canada, and also organist of Notre Dame. Mr. Reed is a Canadian who has spent a number of years in Europe, and now presides at the organ of the American Presbyterian church. His compositions are of the regular English school and are remarkably tuneful and effective. Mr. Ryner is a bright young Englishman who presides at the organ of the Emmanuel Congregational church, and Mr. Harris is well known as organist of St. James the Apostle." I might add that personal acquaintance with the works of Messrs. Reed and Ryner, such as are found in the catalogue of Schirmer of New York, has impressed me with their scholarly and musically worth. The two sets of Seven Sentences by Mr. Reed, especially adapted for unaccompanied singing, are worthy the attention of any choir. Mr. Reed's part-writing is characterized by melodious treatment of the different voices, in which there is evident a keen appreciation of vocal effects and the simplest means to acquire them, features which are oftentimes lacking in compositions otherwise meritorious. There is a steadily increasing demand in Canada for scholarly church compositions which combine dignity of treatment with simplicity and melodiousness. Our native composers who may have the talent and education necessary to successfully produce works of the required standard and effectiveness, will doubtless find in this sphere of composition a more speedy and sure return than in any other. The anthems and motets of Stainer, Sullivan and Gounod will perhaps be found the best models we have for young composers to be guided by, embodying as they do true devotional spirit with marked rhythmical movement, simplicity of development and beauty of part-writing.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Montreal, which has had thirty years of life under the present conductor, Mr. Joseph Gould, and has enjoyed for years past the distinction of being one of the leading choirs of its kind on the continent, disbanded after this season's work on account of the retirement of Mr. Gould, principally owing to ill-health. The choir may re-organize under another conductor, and the question which is at present agitating the musicians of Montreal is, "Who will it be?" The influence this organization has exerted upon choral enterprise in Montreal it would be difficult to estimate. Much of the phenomenal success of the society has been due, beyond doubt, to the personal magnetism of Mr. Gould and the enthusiasm with which he has succeeded in inspiring his chorists. I trust that his mantle will fall upon a successor whose personal and professional qualifications may fit him for so honored a position.

Miss Norma Reynolds has returned to the city and resumed her vocal classes at the College of Music, after a long vacation at Mount Clemens, Mich., and the Sand Banks, Prince Edward County. At a concert recently given in St. Gregory's church, Picton, Miss Reynolds, who was engaged as soprano soloist for the occasion, received a most gratifying reception at the hands of the large audience present, being repeatedly encored with much enthusiasm. The press notices before me speak in high terms of Miss Reynolds' singing and testify to the unmistakable success won by her on this occasion.

With characteristic kindness Mrs. G. T. Blackstock has placed her residence, 581 Jarvis street, at the disposal of Mr. Frank Deane, pianist, for a morning concert on Thursday, the 19th inst., at 3.30 p. m. I understand that this is to be Mr. Deane's farewell recital previous to his departure for Winnipeg. Vocal numbers will be contributed by Miss Jardine-Thomson and Miss Leonora James, and a large attendance is expected at what will doubtless be an interesting musical and social event.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's first organ recital for

this season was held in All Saints' church on Saturday last as announced, an appreciative audience being present who thoroughly enjoyed the attractive programme presented. It is Mr. Fairclough's intention to make these monthly recitals interesting to the public and of educational value to students. To this end programmes will be prepared representing the leading schools of organ music, so contrasted as best to display the characteristics of each and thus avoid any possibility of monotony.

Mr. H. Guest Collins, who is well and favorably known in Toronto, has located in Chicago. Mr. Collins has recently returned from Berlin, Germany, where he spent three years in study under some of the leading masters of that most influential musical center. The Chicago press speaks highly of Mr. Collins' attainments as a scholarly musician. His many Canadian friends will wish him every success in his new home across the border.

M. Gullmant's reception in Boston was worthy of that city. His organ recitals were a succession of triumphs. The great French organist was delighted with the Hub, its people and its institutions, and made a happy speech at the New England Conservatory of Music expressing his admiration of the excellent equipment of that institution, where he was most cordially received by the faculty and students.

Louis Lombard, the well known director of the Ulica Conservatory of Music, has written a paper on A Plan to Secure State Aid for Music in America. I fear Mr. Lombard will not live to see his theories tested. His ideas are lofty and his plans plausible, but the nimble sixpence will in this instance be slow to move.

Signor F. D'Auria, vocal instructor at the Conservatory of Music, has organized a class in Instrumentation in addition to his other duties at that institution. The Signor's practical knowledge of orchestration and talent in composition eminently fit him for this class of work.

Paul Schmolke, musical director at St. Mary's, Knoxville, Ill., an obscure musician, who for a short time held forth in Hamilton, Ont., has written a letter to the *New York Musical Courier* criticizing Canadian pianos and reed organs. The suspicion that Herr Schmolke left Hamilton because of the convenient proximity of a lunatic asylum seems to have been no idle fancy if we may judge from the character of the statements he furnishes the *Musical Courier*. As a simple act of kindness the good people of Knoxville, Ill., should be warned concerning this gentleman, who, at latest reports, was allowed to roam at large within its boundaries.

Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, in a paper on Modern Orchestration, recently contributed to a leading English journal, points to the prelude to Wagner's *Meistersinger* as one of the finest specimens of massive and lucid modern orchestration, also the most shapely example of the prelude. Dr. Mackenzie declares that he "cannot cite another piece in which so many subjects are 'focused' together so successfully. It is more like a fantasia on left motives than anything else, but the clearness of the great design is obvious. We find ourselves listening to three combined subjects; the possibility of producing a piece of music which shall satisfy the ear accustomed to demand adherence to certain formulas, however elastic, and leaving no sense of disorder upon the mind, is convincingly proved. The orchestra is divided into some places into three distinct bands." The above tribute to the genius of the great Bayreuth master of whom Dr. Mackenzie has recently been represented as entertaining a low estimate, proves that the talented English composer is not, after all, to be found in the camp of the Philistines.

The remarkable success of Mascagni's one-act opera *Cavalleria Rusticana* has created a demand for similar works in which rapidity of action and continuous dramatic incident are the chief characteristics. As a consequence the market has become flooded with innumerable imitations of Mascagni's production. Most of these efforts are so poor, however, that a Munich critic in a fit of desperation writes that as the one-act opera has killed the four or five-act, so we may hope that the half-act will kill the one-act and the quarter-act the half-act, and so on until we arrive at the blessed period when nothing is composed.

Mr. R. Thos. Steele, the well known teacher of vocal music, has been appointed choirmaster of Christ church cathedral, Hamilton. With Miss Ambrose as organist. The choir of this church is a vested one consisting of twenty boys and sixteen men. Mr. Steele also visits St. Catharines weekly, among his duties there being the directorship of St. Thomas' church choir of mixed voices with Mr. J. E. Johnston as organist.

A Good Definition.

Aunt (to little Oscar)—What dress had your mother on when she drove off to the party this evening?
Oscar—A long, white, short dress.
Aunt—Nonsense, it could not be long and short at the same time.
Oscar—Yes, aunt. It was long at the bottom and short at the top.—*Mannheimer Volksblatt*.

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

changed his place of residence to the western part of the city. It is rumored that he has accepted a position as soloist in the Dunn avenue Methodist church. If this is so, the choir of that church is to be congratulated. Mr. Sparrow is also known as something of a litterateur, and the patrons of this paper have had the pleasure of reading some of his productions.

A very pretty wedding of two well known society people was celebrated in St. Margaret's church on Wednesday afternoon, when Mr. Charles Swabey and Miss Florence Bright were married. Rev. R. J. Moore officiated. Miss Bright's wedding gown was of rich white silk and satin, and she wore the orthodox veil and orange blossom. Miss A. Bulton was bridesmaid and Mr. Scott Griffin was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Swabey, after receiving the congratulations of their friends, left on the afternoon train for an extended honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and family are expected home early next week, having sailed from Southampton on October 6 in the Furst Bismarck.

The very chaste and rich present which the All Saints' congregation gave to their much esteemed rector last week was the work of the clever engraver of the Toronto Silver Plate Company, Mr. Parria. The rector's crest and other appropriate devices were beautifully engraved round the border of the gift, which was presented by Hon. G. W. Allan. The venerable figure of Dr. Scadding and the bright and well known face of Mrs. Gravett were seen among the many representative people present.

Society will be very much in evidence at the cricket match which begins this morning at 11.30. The club-house enclosure and grand stand at Rosedale will be graced by a fashionable and numerous gathering that bids fair to outshine any company previously seen at a cricket match in Canada. It is pleasant to know that our brother colonists from the far Pacific will be hospitably entertained while here by the city, Government House and the cricketers.

Mr. A. W. Snodgrass, of the P. O. Inspector's Department, and Mrs. Smallpiece are at Niagara Falls.

Mr. George Bruenech has returned from a three months' sketching tour which extended through Quebec, Perce, Prince Edward Island and a four weeks' sojourn in Muskoka. Mr. Bruenech delights in reproducing the wonderful tints of our autumn foliage and the beautiful coloring of his own native Norwegian fjords, and succeeds in both instances in a very charming manner.

Mr. A. F. Moren of Cornwall, a former Upper Canada College boy, is visiting friends in the city for a few days.

Lady Aberdeen has consented to receive an address from the Toronto Women's Emancipation Association on her first visit here, the last of the month.

Rev. H. B. Osler, rector of St. John's, York Mills, celebrated the fiftieth year of his ordination last Monday by a garden party on the rectory lawn and an evening service in the church.

Mrs. G. Cumming of Chicago is visiting her mother, Mrs. Rosalier of Wilton avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. M. McCarron are visiting Chicago Fair.

Mr. W. J. Hynes is at Chicago Fair for a couple of weeks.

Mr. W. Forbes and Mr. Douglas are paying a visit to Chicago.

The friends of Miss Ada Pirie of 143 Mutual street will be pleased to hear of her return from New Mexico after a fifteen months' visit, taking in the World's Fair on her journey home.

Captain J. E. Hughes and son, of Kidderminster, Eng., arrived last week.

Mr. Frank Smallpiece has returned from the World's Fair.

The officers of the Royal Grenadiers have decided to hold their assemblies as usual this winter. Final arrangements have not yet been concluded, but it is probable that the first will take place at Webb's during the first week in December.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Thomas Rhineland, son of Mr. F. W. Rhineland.

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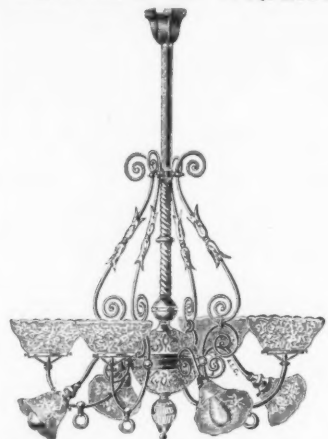
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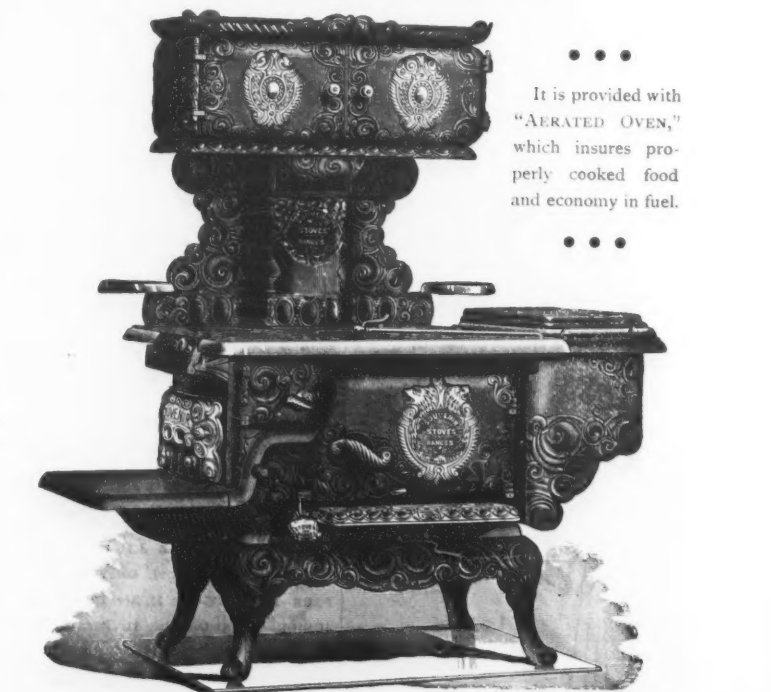
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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Eleven.

lander of New York, to Miss Kittle Blake, daughter of Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., of Toronto.

Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks sailed by the Umbria for Liverpool last Saturday.

Lord Aberdeen will preside at the annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society which will be held in the Pavilion on the evening of Friday, October 27.

Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Meeke gave one of their popular entertainments in Sutton on Friday evening, Oct. 13, under the auspices of St. James's church Aid Society.

The many friends of Mrs. McDonald (nee Prince) will regret to hear of her husband's death from a railroad accident in Colorado. It is scarcely two years since the young widow left Toronto a happy bride.

Dr. and Mrs. Huycke Garrett and Mrs. Willie Goulding are at the World's Fair.

Dr. J. B. Hall left yesterday for Chicago.

A Managerial Guarantee

To the Public of Toronto:

I have much pleasure in announcing the coming of the A. M. Palmer Stock Company to the Grand Opera House, the week of October 16. The company consists of such artists as Maurice Barrymore, J. H. Stoddart, E. J. Henley, E. M. Holland, Edward Bell, Walden Ramsey, Frederic Robinson, Reub. Fax, George Fawcett, Julia Arthurs, May Brooklyn, Emily Seward, Ida Conquest and Dora Goldthwaite. This is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the very best, company that will appear in Toronto this season. They will appear in four of Mr. Palmer's greatest successes, viz., Alabama, Saints and Sinners, Capt. Swift and A Pair of Spectacles.

O. B. SHEPPARD.

Coming Next Week.

At Moore's Musee the list of attractions will be unusually strong next week. In the theater Miss Jennie Bishop, the black Jenny Lind, will sing and the following will also appear: Mr. and Mrs. Norris, dancers and singers, Bonnie Lottie, serio-comic character song and dance artist, the Whitneys, in their act which combines gymnastics and a little bit of everything else, and the Donovans in an Irish character sketch. In the curio hall will be seen the wonderful talking horse Mohammed, who tells fortunes and discourses about the stars, and Lee Roy, a man endowed with wonderful powers of jaw which he utilizes, not to talk, but to extract nails and screws from sawlogs, which he has previously driven in with his teeth.

Mrs. Jennie Drewry of this city has recently returned from Europe, where she has been applying herself to a mastery of the new Goulin French system, under instruction from its able and original exponents. This is the new and charming French method, described in a lengthy article by Mr. Stead in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews*, and bids fair to completely revolutionize the laborious methods of French instruction heretofore pursued.

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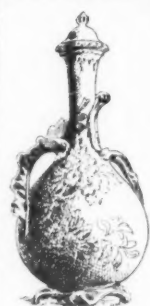
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

PAGE—On Sept. 3, the wife of Samuel D. Page—a son. BEST—At 19 Trandy avenue, on Friday, October 6, 1893, Mrs. W. H. Best—a son. COBBAN—Sept. 30, Mrs. W. E. M. Cobban—a son. HENDERSON—Oct. 2, Mrs. Geo. Henderson—a daughter. CLARKE—Oct. 7, Mrs. F. G. Clarke—a son. MARKEE—Oct. 7, Mrs. John Markee—a daughter. REID—Shouffville, Oct. 6, Mrs. Reid—a daughter, still-born. WILLIAMS—St. Catherine's, Oct. 5, Mrs. H. G. Williams—a daughter. MILWARD—Oct. 3, Mrs. John Milward—a daughter. EMERY—Oct. 3, Mrs. A. E. Emery—a daughter. HAIG—Sept. 29, Mrs. W. M. Haig—a daughter. THOMPSON—Sept. 24, Mrs. S. H. Thompson—a son. BALDWIN—Oct. 3, Mrs. W. Warren Baldwin—a son. MEKLE—Mount Forest, Mrs. T. D. Mekle—a daughter. MANN—Windsor, Oct. 3, Mrs. F. Mann—a daughter. BALDWIN—Oct. 10, Mrs. Cyrus Baldwin, Jr.—a daughter. URQUHART—Oct. 7, Mrs. D. Urquhart—a son. FAHEY—Cleveland, Oct. 6, Mrs. H. Fahey—a daughter.

Marriages.

PRINGLE—McKINNON—At Toronto, on October 10, 1893, by Rev. Dr. Thomas Henry Walter Pringle, accountant, Western Canada Loan & Savings Co., to Lillian McKinnon, daughter of John H. McKinnon of the Northrop & Lyman Co. COLVILLE—BACON—On May 31, 1893, by the Rev. R. Wallace, David Colville to Miss Emma Bacon, daughter of William Bacon, both of Toronto. HAYES—HAIGHT—Oct. 5, John B. Hayes to Bertha E. Haight. OSLER—STOKES—Sept. 27, George W. Osler to Sarah Stokes. PARR—KENNEDY—Oct. 11, Rev. Theo. J. Parr to Maggie May Kennedy. JUNIOR—MORRISON—Oct. 11, Rev. K. B. Junior to Christina Morrison. HAMLEY—WILSON—Oct. 11, Henry T. Hamley to Harriet Ella Wilson. SWANEY—BRIGHT—Oct. 11, Charles Swaney to Florence E. Bright. COULTER—McKERRICHEN—Oct. 11, Thomas Coulter to Kathleen D. McKerrichen. DAVIS—GILLMOR—Oct. 10, E. E. Davis to Minnie Gillmor. NELSON—LAIDLAW—Oct. 4, R. J. Nelson to Kate Laidlaw. STANLEY—PASSMORE—Oct. 4, Thomas R. Stanley to Rachel Passmore. MONTEITH—GOUNLOCK—Sept. 30, James F. Monteith to Maimie Gounlock.

Deaths.

HOWELL—Oct. 4, John Stanley Howell, aged 28. STUPART—Oct. 5, Robert Douglas Stupart, aged 78. CASHMAN—Oct. 5, Barbara D. Cashman, aged 78.

ATKINSON—Oct. 8, John Atkinson. LOW—Pickett, Oct. 1, Elizabeth Low, aged 74. PONTON—Belleville, Oct. 6, James W. Ponton, aged 79. ROBERTSON—Oct. 7, Wm. Robertson, aged 67. SANSON—Oct. 8, David Laing Sanson, aged 68. SMITH—Oct. 8, Henry Smith, aged 81. LEACOCK—Oct. 6, Georgina E. Leacock, aged 37. KELLEY—Oct. 6, James Kelley, aged 67. TAYLOR—Oct. 10, Elsie Mary Taylor, aged 4. PIPER—Oct. 11, Hazel Margaret Piper, aged 4. MURRAY—Grimsby, Walter C. Murray, aged 63. AIKENS—Oct. 10, W. Heber Aikens, aged 40. ROBERTSON—Oct. 8, Gordon Robertson, aged 22. SCULLY—Oct. 9, Wm. John Scully, aged 22. MANN—Oct. 9, Thomas Mann, aged 63. TAYLOR—Oct. 7, Emmons Taylor, aged 79. MCLEOD—Oct. 8, James McLeod, aged 60.



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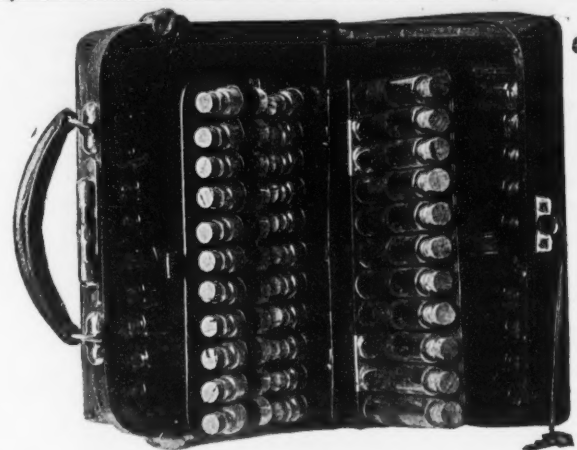


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